

EXCLUSIVE KINKY COMBO ISSUE — VARIATIONS INSIDE!

PENTHOUSE

LETTERS

SUMMER SEXCAPADES

SULTRY SIRENS ARE HOT TO TROT

JULY 2016

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JULY 2016

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LETTER OF THE MONTH

VISIONS OF LUST

ROOFTOP VOYEURS
REACH NEW HEIGHTS

TRUE CONFESSIONS

RISKY BUSINESS

OFFICE WORKER FINDS
A MAN WHO DELIVERS

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PENTHOUSE LETTERS



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ALL-NEW
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VARIATIONS
PAGE 109

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LETTERS

▷ SALUTATIONS



Beginning this month, *Penthouse Letters* is joining forces with *Penthouse Variations* to deliver the fan favorite tales you expect, plus *Variations'* kinky spin on dirty good times!

A pack of hot-to-trot cougars kicks off this month's issue, sharing their amorous antics with eager-to-please boy toys. These ladies know what they want, and they aren't shy about asking for it! The July Spotlight features an office worker who discovers a man who delivers more pleasure than she ever thought possible. Erotica legend Alison Tyler has penned a sexy story with a vintage vibe, celebrating rendezvous long gone by with "The Last Phone Booth." Tempting trios tell all about their threeway affairs. And the Letter of the Month celebrates the lusty opportunities afforded to a pair of fortunate voyeurs.

These stories are only a few of the sexual marvels that await you, so dive in and enjoy!—*The Editors*

PRINTED IN CANADA

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Licensing Inquiries licensing@penthouse.com
International Subscriptions <http://intl.penthouse.com>

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SUBSCRIPTIONS SEE PAGE 127**

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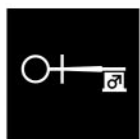
SHARE THE LOVE

Did you just have the wildest night of your life? Did your greatest fantasy come true?
Or did you spy the sensual goings-on of other uninhibited adventurers.

Share the love and spill all your secrets. Tell your story to Penthouse,
and you may see your letter in these very pages.

E-mail your torrid tales to Letters@Penthouse.com





■ THE BARTENDER

When I walked into the bar in the middle of the day, I didn't have anything on my mind except a beer. I'd put to bed a major project at work and I'd decided to take the rest of the afternoon off. I wasn't looking for company. I was looking for a corner of quiet away from the noise at the office.

I did a double take when I walked inside. My favorite bartender, Sadie, was working this afternoon, which was unusual. She tends to serve the masses on evening shifts. But there she stood behind the bar, her young face breaking into a quick smile when she saw me enter. I was equally happy to see her but I played my own cards closer to the vest.

Without my even having to ask, Sadie reached for a glass and started to pour my favorite brew. "You usually don't come in until the evening," she said as she slid over the pint.

"I cut out early," I told her, explaining that I was celebrating. "You can do that when you're the boss."

"I was thinking of doing the same thing," she said. "Not that I'm the boss, but that I might play hooky." Her eyes lingered on me for a beat too long. I wondered for a moment if I was picking up on signals that weren't there. I'd always thought Sadie was attractive, with her short red curls, freckled complexion, easygoing attitude. But was this 20-something really flirting with me? I had at least two decades on her.

She untied her apron and stepped out from behind the bar. "Bill got here early," she told me as she stood by my side. "He said I could leave whenever I wanted. Business is too slow to need the extra manpower." She stepped one foot closer to me. I could smell her perfume, could see the gold flecks in her green eyes. "Or woman power," she added.

I felt my blood running hot and fast through me. I could sense the beat of my heart in my clit, that pounding steady rhythm right between my legs. I knew I had to give her a clue that I was interested. Otherwise, she'd feel ridiculous, making all those double entendres, standing in my air space...

"Never underestimate woman-power." I smiled at her. I no longer had a hankering for

a beer. I was interested in a much more erotic diversion. I slid a bill beneath my coaster, and then I slid my hand into hers. Months of mild flirtation had led us to this point. I was beyond thrilled we'd turned a corner.

Sadie let her manager know she was leaving, and then the two of us exited the bar together. Sadie's youthful exuberance had led her to make the first move. I let my decades of experience take over from there. I ushered her to my car, and we drove the short route to my house. Sadie made cheerful conversation on the ride.

"I'm so glad you came in by yourself today," she said. "You always hit the bar with your friends. I've never had the opportunity to be so... so forward."

Feeling bold, I slowly slid my fingertips under her black skirt. She parted her legs for me to give me better access. When

"I COULDN'T WAIT TO STRIP HER NAKED & TASTE HER FOR THE FIRST TIME"

I touched the split of her body, I felt her wetness through both stockings and panties. She was that turned on. I couldn't wait to get her into my bedroom, to strip her naked, to taste her for the very first time.

Thankfully, the bar is only a few minutes from my house. That didn't mean we weren't feverish with excitement when we arrived. There was something so exotic about the fact that we were going to fuck in the middle of this July afternoon. I should have been at work. She ought to have been behind the bar. Instead, we rushed up the path to my house, both of us equally anxious as I pulled out my keys and unlocked the door.

Inside, the coolness of the interior calmed me down. I was able to slow my urges, slow

my needs. I took her into my bedroom and peeled her the way I'd pluck petals from a sunflower. I undid the tie at her throat, dropped that scrap of lace to the floor. I worked the buttons on her black blouse. Tugged the short black skirt down and off. Then she was standing there in sheer stockings, panties, and her black pumps. She wore no bra. I bent to kiss her pert breasts before finishing undressing her.

"I've wanted this for so long," she said, her voice more of a sigh or whisper than an actual tone. "You turn me on so much."

I didn't waste any time in spreading her out on my bed and diving between her thighs. Her liquid sex had coated her outer lips and the very inner curves of her upper thighs. I lapped at her essence before crushing my face to her split. I wanted to find her clit, to suck on it. I wanted to make her beg and moan while I drained her.

She was as vocal as I would have hoped. As soon as my tongue met her jewel, she raised her hips and cried out my name. Then her fingers were twining through my hair, and her heart was racing out of control. I could feel her very heartbeat in her cunt. She was wetter than rain, sweeter than an ocean spray. I nuzzled into her with my tongue and lips. Sadie seemed to grow entirely still for a second—and I thought of a hummingbird holding in place, wings pinned in midair, floating in a fantasy. Then she was in motion once more, coming, so divinely, so freely, coming on my tongue.

She nipped and tugged, ringed and tongued. I petted her hair through a haze of bliss, and in only the length of a bar or two of music, I was climaxing against that lovely mouth.

To my utter surprise, she didn't stop there. She shoved my thighs wider apart and nuzzled underneath me. Using her hands to cradle my ass cheeks, she started to tongue my asshole. This girl had a trick or two to her tongue. She licked and probed my backdoor until I was shaking, and then she used her thumb on my clit to take me to my second climax of the afternoon.

Yes, I might have silver in my hair and a few wrinkles around my eyes. But with Sadie in my bed, I rediscovered that unquenchable thirst for the new. Ah, the powers—and the wonders—of youth.

—J.R., Detroit, Michigan



LETTERS

▷ KINKY COUGARS

■ SEXUAL AWAKENING

I am a 55-year-old married woman, with three kids and two grandkids and I still consider myself fairly attractive for my age. I'm five feet six, with short sand-colored hair, brown eyes and a 36-inch bust.

Of course, I had often heard that there were some younger guys who were actually attracted to older women but the first time I was approached by one, I was shocked. I was 53 at the time and one day after work I stopped in at our local home improvement store to pick up some things. After a while I noticed a younger man who appeared to be following me. Wherever I went in the store,

he was there. At first he pretended to be browsing, but it soon became obvious that he was checking me out.

He was a good-looking lad, about 20 or 21, I thought, and the next time I caught him looking at me I smiled at him, and he blushed. Then, on some mad impulse, I went over to him and broke the ice, asking him his name, which was Tom. He seemed shy at first, but he gradually relaxed as we talked for a while. Although he seemed to know what he wanted, he was evidently not sure how to ask for it; so finally I told him that if he had some time, maybe we could go somewhere to enjoy each other's company for a while.

Tom quickly nodded, and after we left the store he followed me in his car to the

nearest motel. Once we were in the room, he was shy no longer. He kissed me as his hands boldly roamed my body, going down my back to my round butt, on down to my tan nylon-clad thighs, then back up under my skirt to my panties. By the time he got to my pussy, it was soaked. His fingers made loud squelching noises as he probed me while I moaned with pleasure. Soon my breasts were out, and he feasted on them as well.

I was naked except for my tan stockings by the time we got on the bed. First he ate my dripping pussy to climax, then got me on all fours and ate me some more, before climbing up behind me and taking me from the rear.

That sweet young man gave me the pleasure of my life for the next two hours. I gave myself to him totally—so totally, in fact, that I only lowered my head and moaned when he worked his hard penis into my virginal butt. I'd never felt such an intense sensation before, and my eventual climax was the most explosive I'd ever known.

After that encounter I started to become more aware of the admiration of a lot of younger guys for a woman like me, and more aroused by it, too. I found myself changing my style of dress to showcase my body in a more sensuous (though not slutty) way and soon young guys were approaching me or following me nearly every time I went out.

I seduced another young man a few weeks later and we had sex in the back of my car. He told a friend of his about it and when that friend tracked me down, I let him fuck me, too.

Soon I had developed a reputation with the younger guys in our area and I had a small stable of studs more than willing to fuck me. I even met a few of them together at a motel, where I let them all have me any way they wanted over the next several hours. Since I can no longer get pregnant, I allowed them to fuck me bare, so I could enjoy the feel of their hot sperm shooting into my pussy and my butt and down my throat. They especially loved it when I let two of them double-penetrate me while I sucked off a third.

Of course my husband knows nothing of this, but he lost sexual interest in me long ago. I still love him, but I have found a great new source of joy at this late point in my life and have no intention of giving it up.

—Name and address withheld





HOT FOR TEACHER

Mrs. Clemens was still gorgeous. I ran into her at the farmers' market. I hadn't intended to go. I'd just wandered over during my lunch break because it was near my office building. Instead of crappy fast food, I decided some artisan bread and fresh tomatoes would work instead. And there she was.

Mrs. Clemens had been my high-school English teacher. A hot woman with big tits and the world's most perfect ass. I'd lusted after her during my 12th grade poetry class, well before the term MILF had been invented.

"Mrs. Clemens?" I fought to keep the bass in my voice. Seeing her, my vocal chords wanted to revert to a crackling teenage melody.

She recognized me right away, which got me right in the gut (and right in the cock). I received a big hug which made it difficult to concentrate on what she was saying. I never thought I'd actually have that rack pressed against my chest. I stepped back before my cock decided it was adolescent, too, and sprung to life.

I asked all the questions you're supposed to ask when you're polite and run into someone from your past. How was her family? Was she still teaching? How was her husband?

Her family was great, she was teaching but only part-time, and her husband was no

"ALL OF MY TEENAGE FANTASIES WERE RIGHT HERE IN FRONT OF ME"

longer her husband. The past ten years had been kind to her. She had stunning skin and a body to die for. She was a testament to smoking hot late-40s women everywhere.

When it was her turn, she asked me all the questions. Where was I working? Where did I live? And I tried to focus on her words and not her appearance until it dawned on me to glance at my watch.

"Shit. I have to go back to the office. I'm sorry. I'm late."

She gave me a kiss on the cheek and told me it was nice seeing me. I almost let her walk away, but at the last minute, I found my nerve. I lightly snagged her wrist in my hand and said, "Can I take you out for a drink? I have a confession to make..."

She studied me with cool blue eyes. "How old are you now?"

"Twenty-eight."

She appeared to be doing the math. Then: "What's your confession?"

"I've lusted after you for years. You were *that* teacher for me." There. I'd said it.

Her cheeks colored quickly, and she looked away. I steeled myself for a no but was surprised when she asked, "Tonight at seven?"

I gave her the name of the bar where I'd meet her, and off I went. I returned to my boring desk job but with a distinct pep in my step. The day was looking up.

I was at the bar at 6:30. I wanted a pre-drink drink to still my nerves some. I only got halfway through my scotch when she walked in. She was early, too.

"And here I thought I could get one before you arrived," she said, tucking her purse onto her lap. I'd had a hard time not staring as she'd climbed onto the barstool. Her wrap dress was dark green and fit her like a glove. Her heels were black peep-toes. Her hair loose, hitting just at her shoulders. "You're staring," she said.

"Sorry. I never thought I'd be here."

She ordered a red wine and said, "Remember when I used to give you pop quizzes right out of the gate in the morning. To get it out of the way. That stress and tension?"

I nodded. "After a while we got used to it. Took the fear right out of the experience."

"Because a test is just a gauge—"

"Of what you know at that moment in time. Nothing more," I finished for her.

LETTERS

▷ KINKY COUGARS

She smiled, pleased with me. "Exactly." She took a few swigs of her wine and then pointed a finger at my beverage. "Drink."

I obeyed. When the bartender came to check on us, she slid a twenty across the bar at him. "If we leave our drinks here and I leave my wrap on the stool, can you hold these seats for us? We need to pop out for a few minutes, but we'll be back."

He took the twenty, assured us the seats were ours, but not before casting a lingering look at the cleavage displayed by her dress. Mrs. Clemens took my hand and pulled me to standing.

"Where are we going?"

"To get the nervous-making part of this evening out of the way first."

My mouth went dry. She squeezed my hand. "Don't worry. We can revisit it later, too."

I followed her willingly to her large black SUV. It was parked by the end of the lot in the shadows, far away from any street lamps.

In the backseat, she pulled me to her and kissed me. Her mouth tasted like red wine

and peppermint. My cock went instantly hard, all my teenage fantasies right here in front of me. I had spent many days in high school thinking about fucking her instead of studying. I had always fantasized about what her pussy would feel like... how she would taste... what her mouth would feel like wrapped around my cock as I plunged it into her throat.

Her hand wandered across my lap, found my erection, and stroked me. She laughed. "You weren't lying, huh?"

"Not by a long shot."

"Let's see what I can do about that."

She drew down my zipper, and my breath caught as her head went to my lap and her wet tongue and lips were on my cock. She sucked only my cockhead and when I gave a strangled sound, she pressed her hands to my legs. Then she was swallowing my shaft, working me with her tongue, sucking me until I thought I might expire right there.

I gently stroked her hair and said, "Please come up here, Mrs. Clemens."

She did, working her dress up over her hips. I was shocked and thrilled to see in the gloom that she wore no panties. She straddled my lap and kissed me. The dewy heat of her pussy pressed to my dick. She rocked back and forth on me while I kissed her. I pinched her nipples through her dress and found—again surprised—no bra. She moaned, rocking harder against my cock, and when she came, I was startled. I wasn't even in her yet. But the friction of my shaft against her clit must have been enough to do the trick.

"Older women know how to get what they want." She laughed against my cheek. Even in the shadows I must have looked surprised.

"Put me in you," I growled. I'd found my nerve and my voice. I leaned in and bit her above her collarbone. She shivered and sighed and responded to my demand.

Her hand around my cock was bliss. She stroked me for a minute before moving so that the tip of me kissed the molten heat of her cunt. Then she sank down, an inch at a time, until I was engulfed in the wet velvet



“I GRABBED HER HIPS, HELD HER TIGHT & THRUST UP INTO HER OVER AND OVER”

of her wonderfully snug pussy.

She started to rock against me, dragging her teeth down the slope of my throat as she moved. She held my shoulders with her delicate hands and ground against me. I lost my shyness and my shock. I drove up from beneath her, plunging my cock as deep as I could every time.

I knew I wasn't going to last long. I'd fantasized about this more times than I could count. She knew it, too. That's why she was doing this.

So, I didn't feel bad when I groaned in warning. “Jesus, Mrs. Clemens.”

I felt her pussy grip me tight, milking my cock. Her fingernails bit into my shoulders, and she said, “I should instruct you to use my first name. But somehow Mrs. Clemens makes this so much... filthier.”

Her pussy hugged me again, and that, mingled with her words, did me in. I grabbed her hips, held her tight and thrust up into her over and over, losing my manners. She cried out as she climaxed, her pussy spasming wildly around me. Her voice ricocheted around the inside of her SUV like a trapped echo. I came with my own cry—much rougher, much more of a bellow.

Mrs. Clemens rested her forehead against mine. I could feel the spasms of her cunt still working me. “Now that we've gotten the pop quiz out of the way, how about we go in and have those drinks.”

“And I can have a makeup test later?” I teased.

“Definitely. I think you deserve another go at the material.”

—C.R., Via E-Mail



SPIN CYCLE

What some of my girlfriends don't realize is that it's how you approach men that matters—that, in fact, even before you approach them, presentation and mindset are important.

For instance, I was at the laundromat recently but I wasn't dressed like everyone else in the place. No sloppy sweatpants for me. No dirty hair or scuffed sneakers. I was dressed to meet a younger man. I had on my best jeans, the ones that show off my ass to its crowning glory, a tight top and a pair of heels.

Rod started the conversation.

“You look too pretty for laundry day,” he said when I slid my money into the machine next to his.

I smiled at him, and I looked him up and down. He was my kind of man—that is to say, a younger man, probably 25 to my 45. I gave him a little half grin and said, “I had to do laundry today. Otherwise, I was going to

have to wear my panties twice.”

Rod looked at me surprised that we were already talking about panties.

“So I went without,” I said. Now, Rod looked more than interested. He looked ravenous. I pressed against the washing machine. The motor whirled dramatically. I could feel my insides ramping up as if I were about to go through my own special spin cycle.

“I think this rotation takes around 30 minutes,” I said.

“40,” Rod replied. “I've timed it.”

“You could do a lot in 40 minutes,” I said, and I gently set my hand on his. The casual touch sent sparks through me. I wondered if Rod felt the connection, as well. He let me know with his response.

“You could do quite a few things in 40 minutes,” Rod agreed with me. So we did. We went to my car because I was parked off in the corner of the lot. I started kissing him right away. I've learned to make the first move with younger men. They appreciate a woman who knows what she wants.

“I went without today, too,” he said.

I gazed up at him with my eyes wide.

LETTERS

▷ KINKY COUGARS

"Laundry day and all," he added.

Two commandos in one car. What could be more exciting than that? Not much. That is, not until I popped open his jeans and freed his handsome cock. Yes, this was more exciting because he had the type of dick that I dream about: long and thick and ready to play. He let me bob my head down to lick him all over. It was too bad I hadn't worn a skirt. Sex in a car is difficult enough without the need to maneuver out of a pair of skintight jeans. But we managed to make it work.

I shimmed my jeans past my thighs. He took me on top of him, so that we were both facing out the front window of the car.

I used my thighs to power myself up and down his slippery shaft. He groaned and bucked me up in the air. I sighed as I slid back down again. He fit perfectly inside me. I had absolutely hit the jackpot with this boy.

For someone as young as he was, he knew how to stroke a woman—easily finding my clit with his fingertips and manipulating me to the same rhythm of our ride, then moving his hand so he could slip a finger inside my ass, filling me in two holes and stretching me open.

He bit my earlobe and hissed, "You're going to make me come, baby."

I tightened my inner walls on him and used my thighs to move myself up and down, up and down. He exhaled loudly as he came. But he didn't stop stroking my clit. I was grateful for that. I needed a little extra pressure to reach my own finale.

With a hiss and a whimper, I climaxed. I shut my eyes as I let those beautiful sensations rush through me.

Slowly, I slid off his lap and pulled my pants back up. He adjusted his own clothes, eyeing me seductively the entire time. I could tell he had a plan.

"The wash should be finished soon," he said.

I brushed my hair back off my face and nodded at him, hungrily anticipating his next statement.

"Once we put the clothes into the dryers, we'll have at least 45 minutes before they finish."

"I like the way you think," I said, and we headed back into the laundromat together.

Younger men. They don't only rock my world. They spin it!

—R.M., Rochester, New York



"I USED MY THIGHS TO POWER MYSELF UP AND DOWN ON HIS SLIPPERY SHAFT"

LIVE-IN LOVER

I was 38 years old when I moved in with Ross, a seemingly nice guy in his mid-40s with an 18-year-old son from a previous marriage. But it wasn't Ross who was happy to have me living there; it was his son, Andy.

In this and in other ways, Andy made it quite obvious that I turned him on. So when Ross left me for another woman, it was no surprise that Andy decided to stay with me rather than live with his father. And it wasn't long before Andy and I fell into bed together.

Andy was as enthusiastic as any lover I'd ever had before, and his passion further sparked mine. I got him onto his back and

pressed my lips to the head of his upright cock, licking it as if it were a lollipop. I moved my head up and down, feeling its heat and strength as his hips began to pump reflexively.

It wasn't very long before he blew his load, and I eagerly gulped every drop, then kept right on blowing him till he came a second time.

Even after that I kept sucking him until I got him hard once more. I then climbed up over him and straddled him, guiding his dick to my opening and sinking down onto it. I leaned forward so he could feast on my tits as they hung over his face.

I began to rotate my hips in a steady movement, moaning happily as I felt the hardness of his prick moving inside me. His hands moved around to grip my ass and squeeze it tightly as his arousal hit its peak. The juices lubricating my vagina made loud squelching noises as he let out a loud guttural cry and exploded inside me, his hot jism shooting into my eager, grasping cunt as he filled me with his sperm.

I came, too, my body convulsing almost violently as I rode him. My cunt gripped and pulled at his shaft until his spurting and spasming subsided and I collapsed on him, his hands still squeezing my ass as my tits flattened against his chest.

It's been that way ever since, with Andy sleeping with me every night. I couldn't be happier Andy elected to stay with me. My sex life has never been better.

—Name and address withheld

libido | noun | li-bi-do

- 1: A person's desire to have sex.
- 2: Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.



*Drink
Sexy!*



DOUBLE DENIM

ANDY WAS STRIPPED OF HER BLUES WHEN JOHNNY
SUGGESTED A LITTLE AFTERNOON DELIGHT





“NOTHING GETS ME OFF QUICKER
THAN A SKILLED TONGUE”

- ANDY









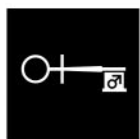


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■ DAD'S GIRLFRIEND

When I was 18, my parents got a divorce. Since my dad's job had him working away from home for months at a stretch, it was decided that I would live with my mom.

But after a while my mother started sleeping with a guy named Phil, who was 10 years younger than she was and treated her like shit. I tried to reason with her, but she was hooked on this guy and wouldn't listen. Soon both of them were hanging around the house getting drunk all the time, so I finally called my dad and asked if I could come and stay with him. He said it would be okay because he had a girlfriend living with him who took care of the house while he was gone and would keep me company, and he

thought she and I would get along very well.

My mom tried to stop me, but I was 18 and could go where I wanted. So I moved in with my dad and his girlfriend Myra, who, in spite of being a lot older than me, was a very attractive brunette with a damn good body.

Four days after I moved in, my dad left for some job in South America somewhere. Myra and I got along great. We used the in-ground pool when the weather was nice, and sometimes, when she didn't know I was around, I would watch her sunbathe. There was a high fence all around the pool, so sometimes she would strip down and lie in the sun to tan herself all over. She had great-looking tits, and she would play with them sometimes, getting the nipples hard, and rub her neatly trimmed pussy. I would watch from an upstairs window, and I couldn't help wondering what she would do if I tried to feel her up sometime. But from the way she'd

look at me, I had a feeling she'd be receptive to my attention and I was right.

One morning Myra was in the kitchen, washing some dishes, when I snuck up behind her, put my arms around her and put my hands on her tits, at the same time pushing my hard-on against the crack of her ass. She didn't say anything for a moment or two. Then she said, "What the hell are you doing? I'm old enough to be your mother!" Her words were meant to be chastising, but she couldn't hide her amusement—or her growing excitement.

I kissed her on the neck, saying, "But you're *not* my mother. I think you're the best thing that ever happened to my dad, but it's going to be a long time till he gets back."

She let out a moan before breaking away from me and heading into the living room. I followed her, sitting beside her on the couch, and she didn't stop me as I opened her robe and started playing with her tits and nipples.

"I wondered how long it would be before you got brave enough to try something," she murmured. She then told me that she knew I watched her sunbathe sometimes, and it made her horny being naked and knowing I was peeking. Then she stood up and took off her robe. "Take a good look," she told me, slowly turning around so I could see all of her. Then she sat back down and put her hand on my hard-on.

"Here's the deal," she said. "I don't wear many clothes when I'm home, so you get to see my tits and pussy a lot. But as for you and me sleeping together, I'll have to think about that."

I was as horny as I had ever been right then, if not more so, and I asked her if she would let me fuck her at least one time. She smiled and shrugged. "Sure, why not?" she said. "I don't think your dad would care if we did it anyway."

So we fucked right there on the couch, and damn, she was good! She let me eat her pussy after I blew my wad, and when I got hard again, she sucked me off. After that we did it almost every day until my dad got back.

She was right—my dad didn't mind me making it with his girlfriend. In fact, he was happy that she had someone to take care of her needs while he was gone. But he made it clear that she would fuck only him when he was home.

—F.N., Lincoln, Nebraska



■ DOWN UNDER

With my husband, Ted, out of town on an installation job, I told my friend Gina that I thought I'd skip her party that Friday night, but she insisted I come, saying I had been working too hard trying to run our company with Ted away. She argued that it would do me good to get out of the house for a few hours and relax with friends.

So I took a long hot bath, shaved my legs and underarms, then did my makeup and applied some perfume to my wrists. I told myself that this was a waste of time as I spritzed some scent on my curly bush. Ted had been away for almost two weeks, and my pussy wasn't used to being neglected for anywhere near that long. I'd been so busy and distracted that I hadn't even had a chance to relieve myself with one of my vibrators. I promised myself some sexy solo fun after I returned home from the party.

It was a warm, muggy evening, so I chose a nice casual cotton dress, slipping it on over a lacy bra and a pair of pale blue bikini panties. I've maintained my figure with diet and exercise, and still measure 34C-22-31 after 19 happy years of marriage. I donned a pair of white sandals, then picked up my purse and drove the three blocks to Gina's home.

There was a good turnout, with about 15 couples in attendance, so there was plenty of chatter going on. Since I was driving, I drank sparingly, but I was soon having a great time and was glad I had let Gina talk me into coming.

Dinner was served buffet-style and was far more delicious than anything I might have fixed for myself at home. I had planned to stay just long enough to be sociable, and then slip out early to get off and sleep. But somehow I found myself talking with a man named Paul, who I had never met before. It turned out that he was Gina's cousin and was staying with her and her husband for a few days. Paul was from New Zealand, and quite entertaining to talk with, so I ended up staying at Gina's place much later than I'd planned.

At one point I found myself with an urgent need to use the john. Now when I have to pee, I usually have to go pretty damn quick, but as it turned out there was a long line of people



“I KISSED HER ON THE NECK, SAYING, “BUT YOU’RE NOT MY MOTHER”

waiting to use the bathroom. I said to Paul that if the line didn't move quickly, I was going out in the backyard before I wet myself. He laughed and suggested we slip downstairs and use the bathroom next to the guest room, where he was staying. My bladder told me this was a damn good idea, so I told him to show me the way.

When we got to the downstairs bathroom I hurried in, pushing the door closed behind me. I quickly relieved myself, then stood to pull my

panties up before I realized that the door had not quite caught the latch, and instead had swung slowly open again. Paul was standing about six feet away, looking directly at the thatch of curly red hair on my mound.

For a moment both of us froze, momentarily too embarrassed to move. I quickly recovered, jerking my panties up so sharply that I ended up with a good portion of my skirt caught in the waistband, leaving me still partially exposed. I had to laugh then. “Oh, what the hell,” I said as I worked on straightening myself out. “If you’ve seen one you’ve seen them all, right?”

Paul said nothing as he stepped toward me, entering the bathroom and shutting the door behind him, firmly this time. Then, in that sexy New Zealand accent, he said, “Well, you showed me yours, so it’s only fair that I show you mine.” And with that he pulled down his zipper and pulled out his cock, standing there holding it in the palm of his hand.

I couldn't take my eyes off it. He wasn't erect, but he had what I'd call a chubby, which seemed to be getting harder before my eyes. It appeared to be a little over six inches long and was extremely thick. I stared as it continued to grow, the foreskin peeling back

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“I DREW MY LEGS UP AND SPREAD THEM WIDE, PROVIDING EASY ACCESS TO MY CUNT”

and straightening my skirt, then murmuring a thank-you to Paul as I slipped out the door. I managed to rejoin the party upstairs inconspicuously enough and was busy talking to someone else by the time Paul made his appearance, just as casually.

Shortly after that I found Gina and thanked her for a wonderful evening. A few minutes later I was home.

My telephone rang at four o'clock the next morning. Thinking it could only be my husband at that hour, I answered it by saying, “Hi, honey! When are you going to come back to take care of me?”

Imagine my surprise when I heard Paul's deep down-under reply, “I can be there in ten minutes, little lady.”

“Oh my God, Paul, I thought you were my husband!” I told him. “How did you get this number?”

He explained that he had found it on Gina's refrigerator. Then he said, “Listen, babe, you left so abruptly, I didn't get a chance to thank you properly, or to ask if we could possibly get together before I have to leave on Monday.”

I didn't hesitate for more than a few seconds. “How convenient,” I said. “As it happens, my husband isn't coming back till next week. Why don't you come over tomorrow?”

“Why don't I come over right now?” he said. And I couldn't think of one good reason why he shouldn't.

I won't go into the details of everything we did that weekend, but by the end of it, if a vagina could smile, mine would have been grinning from thigh to thigh!

—C.K., Austin, Texas

from the purplish glans as he became fully erect, and soon a mouth-watering hard-on jutted proudly up from his groin.

Well, I have never claimed to be a strictly faithful wife. With hardly a second thought I quickly went down on my knees, taking him into my mouth as he leaned against the closed door. His dick was slightly shorter than my husband's, though just as thick, so I easily swallowed his entire shaft down to the base, which allowed me to extend my tongue to lick his ball sac briefly before I began bobbing my head up and down, face-fucking him like a paid professional.

I fully intended to suck him off and let him see me swallow his creamy offering, but after a moment he took a firm grip on my head, lifting me up until his cock popped out of my mouth.

He pulled me to my feet and pressed his lips against mine, unconcerned that my lips had just been wrapped around his dripping cock and were smeared with his salty precome.

He was a great kisser, and his lips lingered on mine for two minutes or longer, but his hands were far from idle. The skirt I'd just gotten down was bunched around my waist, and he had one hand down the front of my panties, while the other caressed the firm cheeks of my ass. I spread my legs when his magical fingers probed lower, to dance

over my slippery cunt lips as his thumb lightly rubbed my clit, sending delicious tremors through my body.

I was dimly aware of the possibility that we might be missed by the people upstairs, or that we might even be discovered down here together, but I couldn't care less. I wanted Paul's cock and I wanted it ASAP, regardless of the consequences. As soon as the kiss ended, I pushed my panties down and kicked them away. Paul hoisted me up onto the vanity as I drew my legs up and spread them wide, providing easy access to my cunt.

I felt his cock probing once or twice to locate my entrance before it finally filled the aching void between my legs. He looked straight into my eyes as he began thrusting rapidly, using the full length of his prick to pound me, while banging against my swollen clit at the end of each inward stroke.

Sometimes it takes an extended coupling to bring me to orgasm, but that night my climax crested just a split second before Paul rammed himself home one last time, drenching my inner walls with his hot creamy load. I felt every throb of his cock as it spurted what seemed like an endless amount of semen into my depths.

After our orgasms subsided and his organ eased out of me, I regained my senses, quickly locating my panties, pulling them on

FIRST BASE

I'm a 26-year-old single woman, and I recently started working as a secretary at a military base. I'm kind of tall, with shoulder-length blonde hair and blue eyes. My measurements are 38C-28-38, and I love sex. I like to fuck and suck cock and all the rest of it. But until about a week ago, what with being new to the area, finding a new apartment, and settling into my new job, I hadn't been fucked for several months.

It was a Saturday afternoon and I was feeling bored and horny, so I decided I would check out the bar at a hotel just outside the base where I worked. I took a shower, put on a pair of tight jeans and a T-shirt, and drove down there.

I knew it was early, but I was surprised by how few people were in the bar at that hour. There were several older guys and a few others, but I seemed to be the only woman there. I sat down at an empty stool at one end of the bar and ordered a beer.

As my eyes adjusted to the dim light, I looked around again. A good-looking guy in his late 20s was seated at the other end of the horseshoe-shaped bar, directly across from me, talking to the bartender. I took a long drink of my beer, and when I looked back over at the guy he was looking directly at me, and I couldn't help gazing back into his dreamy brown eyes.

After a long moment I looked away, taking another swig of my beer and pretending to look around the room again. But I could feel his eyes still on me. When I glanced at him again, he was smiling. His expression was both cute and sexy, and I found myself smiling back. But just as I was expecting him to come over and offer to buy me a drink, he started talking to the bartender again.

Okay, I figured, *he's not really interested*, and since there was nobody else in the bar that appealed to me, I drained my beer and got up to leave.

As I walked toward my car I heard a male voice say, "Where you going?" I looked around and saw that it was the guy I'd been admiring, who had followed me out of the bar.

"Home," I replied.

"Hey, it's early," he said, smiling again. "What do you think about having another beer and getting to know each other?"

I hesitated for a moment, more for appearance's sake than anything else. Then I shrugged and said, "Sure, why not?"

"Great!" he said. "Let's seal it with a kiss, okay?" And with that he leaned into me and kissed me lightly on the mouth. His lips were soft, and I allowed mine to part as I felt his warm tongue trying to probe between them.

Wow! was all I could think when we parted. I couldn't believe how bold he was, but I didn't mind a bit. He took my hand and led me back inside, and we took a table in a corner. After he had ordered us a couple of beers, he told me his name was Dirk, and that he was in the Army and stationed here for a week on temporary duty.

The jukebox was playing, and when a slow song came on Dirk asked me if I would like to dance. We moved onto the small dance floor, and he took me in his arms and pulled me against his body. He was a great dancer, and he moved me gracefully around the floor.

"Your perfume is intoxicating," Dirk said at one point, and when I thanked him he leaned

down and kissed me again. As before, I parted my lips and took his tongue into my mouth, and now I sucked on it, moaning as he pressed his body against mine. I could feel his cock pushing against my body, and his erection felt huge. I had always fantasized about getting fucked by a really big dick, and Dirk definitely felt like he could bring my fantasy to life.

We danced several more dances before Dirk asked me if I would be interested in watching a movie with him in his room. Of course, I said yes. He got a 12-pack of beer to take up with us, and as we walked to the elevator in his place he told me that the air-conditioning in his room wasn't working, and he hoped I didn't mind. I told him it shouldn't be a problem.

In the elevator Dirk took me in his arms and kissed me again, more sensuously than ever. Once we got to his room he gave me a cold beer and put the others on ice. He turned the TV on and found a movie, and we lay down to watch it on his king-sized bed, propping



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"I LOOKED UP INTO HIS EYES AS I SLOWLY TOOK HIS SHAFT INTO MY MOUTH"

ourselves up with some pillows.

"Wow, it really is hot in here," I said at one point, and got up to get another beer.

"Well, I guess we could take our clothes off and watch the movie that way," Dirk said, smiling at me. He probably just wanted to see how I'd take the idea, but he seemed shocked when I calmly took my clothes off and lay back down on the bed, completely naked.

"Damn, you're beautiful!" Dirk said. He got up and quickly took off his own clothes, then climbed in beside me.

The movie was forgotten then. He leaned over and gave me a passionate kiss, then ran

his hand up the inside of my thigh. I could feel his big cock growing even harder against my leg. I moaned against his mouth as he ran a finger across my pussy lips. His tongue danced in my mouth, and I reached down between us and ran my hand along his huge cock. "Oh, baby!" I gasped, breaking our lip-lock as I tried to wrap my hand around that monstrous pole. Failing that, I began to stroke him slowly, looking up into his dreamy eyes as I did so.

Dirk went to kiss me again, but I smiled at him and slid down his body. I looked up into his eyes again as I slowly took his shaft into my mouth. I took in as much as I could, moaning as I licked around and under the head of his tool.

"Come on, baby, I want to fuck that pussy of yours!" Dirk groaned as he pulled me up and rolled me over onto my back. I spread my legs as far as I could, and he moved between my open thighs. He guided his cock to my juicy pussy and eased inside me.

I moaned with bliss as I felt that hunk of man-meat penetrating my hole. "Oh, you feel so good! You're really stretching my cunt!"

My words turned into shrieks of joy as he pushed all of himself into me and began to work in and out of my sopping slit. Before I knew it, I felt a huge orgasm building up inside me. "Oh fuck, fuck, oh fuck me, FUCK ME!" I screamed, wrapping my legs around

him and humping wildly against him as my climax became imminent.

Dirk grasped my legs, and then bent them back to my chest. He hunched himself up and really started to pound his cock into me. As I went over the top, that beautiful dick felt like it grew even bigger inside me before releasing what felt like a quart of hot come into my quivering pussy.

When Dirk slipped his softening staff from my pussy a minute later, I couldn't believe how much cream ran out of me. "You okay, baby?" he asked me.

"Oh yeah," I said, still panting. "God, you've got a great cock! And I want to fuck it again!"

"Just give me a few minutes and you can," he said, grinning at me. And he was right.

In fact, Dirk and I fucked up a storm for the remainder of his stay, and when he left I gave him my number. We've been talking on the phone, and he is trying to get transferred to this area.

I like Dirk a lot. It's not just his big cock that I love, but also the fact that he'll kiss me after he comes in my mouth. It really turns me on that he's willing to kiss me with a load of his come in my mouth. I'm not sure where this relationship is going, but I plan to savor every moment of it!

—J.N., San Antonio, Texas

CRUISE CLUB

About a year ago, my wife and I went on a 10-day Caribbean cruise to celebrate our anniversary, as well as her 40th birthday. At dinner the first night Rose and I were seated with four other people—an older couple as well as two handsome men named Kevin and Bill, who were in their mid-20s. It turned out that Bill had scheduled the cruise for himself and his girlfriend, but they had broken up, so he'd invited his friend Kevin to go along for 10 days of fun and sun. I couldn't help being aware that, even though they were so much younger, both of these guys were very attentive and charming to Rose and she seemed to return their interest.

Our third night out was designated as the Captain's Dinner, for which all the diners were expected to dress formally. Rose chose to wear a long royal blue gown that hugged





her body down to her waist, with a built-in push-up bra which allowed her to show a fair portion of her breasts. The gown also had a slit up the front, so that when she walked or sat down, her legs were on full display. She looked stunning, and I got an instant hard-on the moment I saw her.

When we walked into the dining room, Kevin and Bill's mouths fell open, and they stared openly at Rose as she approached the table. Both of them complimented her on how beautiful she looked as we sat down, and I saw Kevin gazing at her shapely legs with obvious lust in his eyes.

After dinner, Rose and I decided to visit the ship's casino. Rose sat down at a slot machine while I went to play poker. About half an hour later, I looked over to see that she was still at her slot machine, but was now talking and laughing with Bill and Kevin. Her legs were exposed almost to her crotch, and I was sure that the guys were admiring her perfect pins.

About 10 minutes later Rose came over to me and asked if it was all right with me if she went dancing with Bill and Kevin at the ship's disco. I told her to have a good time, and she kissed me on the cheek before leaving with the guys.

I played poker for another hour or so, and then decided to find Rose. As I entered the

disco, I saw Rose and Kevin dancing to a slow song. She had her head on his shoulder and her arms around his neck, their bodies grinding together. As I watched, I suddenly realized that my cock was as stiff as a board. I had often thought about how erotic it would be to watch my wife being fucked by another man. Maybe now was the time.

As they had not seen me come in, I moved over to a corner of the room to watch what was happening. As the song ended, Kevin gave Rose a long kiss on the lips, then walked her back to the table where Bill was sitting. When she sat down between them, Bill also kissed her, and I saw him slide his hand up her inner thigh as she parted her legs to allow him unimpeded access to her crotch.

Kevin then joined in that game, running his hand up and down her other leg. I watched for about 10 minutes as my wife kept kissing both guys, her hands moving to their crotches while theirs moved further up her thighs. At one point Kevin appeared to be actually rubbing Rose's pussy, until finally she tilted her head back and her body stiffened in what was almost certainly a climax. She then turned her head and gave Bill a kiss while Kevin continued to stroke her pussy. I was sure that anyone looking at them could tell what was going on, but it didn't seem to

bother the randy trio one bit.

Finally, I approached their table. A few minutes passed before any of them noticed me. Kevin was the first to see me, and he pulled his hand away from Rose's pussy so abruptly that she broke the kiss with Bill and looked around. All three of them had shocked looks on their faces, but I quickly put them at ease, saying, "You know, we should go somewhere more private to finish this party. Our cabin has a king-size bed. What do you think?"

Rose gave me a big smile, and Kevin and Bill looked as if they couldn't believe their luck. A moment later the four of us were on the way to our stateroom.

As soon as we were in the room, Rose turned to Bill and gave him another lusty kiss while putting her hand on his cock. We then all undressed, the guys staring in rapt appreciation when they saw Rose's naked body. She lay back on the bed and watched as the rest of us finished undressing. Bill's cock was impressive, about eight inches long, but Kevin's was even bigger and very thick. Rose smiled when she saw it. "So that's what I was feeling when we were dancing," she said. "That's a magnificent cock, Kevin, and I'm going to love having it in me."

When Bill was naked, he lay down on

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▷ CARNALCOPIA

Rose's left, while Kevin lay on her right. She started kissing them again, alternating between the two of them and squeezing their cocks as they played with her tits, while I buried my head between her legs. Her pussy was already soaking wet. I licked her pussy lips as well as her stiff clit. Taking two fingers, I pushed them deep inside her, curling them onto her G-spot. Still with my fingers inside of Rose, I got to work on her clit with my tongue. Her pussy clamped down on my fingers with each thrust of my hand. I couldn't believe how wet she was. Soon she was moaning and squirming on the bed, and after a few minutes, her body went stiff and her ass arched off the mattress as she came with a loud cry of delight.

I then moved away to allow Bill to get between her legs. He rubbed his cock up and down her slit for a minute, then pushed it inside her. Rose groaned as her body accepted his meat, and he started pumping her pussy with long steady strokes. At that point Kevin moved up to her face. She immediately tried to take his huge cock in her mouth, but was only able to handle about four inches of it. But she sucked him as best she could, and his moans told me that she was doing a good job.

Bill was moving faster now, saying something about how tight Rose's pussy felt and how wet she was. About three minutes into this, Rose's body went stiff and she gave a muffled groan as she was caught up in another orgasm. This set Kevin off, and he shot his come down her throat. She tried to swallow all of his load, but some of his cream leaked out and slid down her face as he backed away. A minute later, Bill groaned as he lost control and shot his spunk into her pussy.

By now my cock felt harder than it ever had, so I brought it to my wife's mouth as Kevin moved down to eat her pussy. Rose smiled and took my dick between her lips. Since I'm not as large as Kevin, she managed to take all of it into her mouth, sucking me with a vengeance while Kevin ate her out and Bill devoted himself to sucking on her nipples. I only lasted about five minutes before pouring my seed down her throat.

Rose now began to moan around my melting dick as Kevin moved up and started to slide his thick monster inside her pussy. I pulled my cock out of her mouth, and she



“BILL SLID HIS STIFF COCK INTO MY WIFE'S PUSSY WHILE I WATCHED”

gasped as Kevin slipped her his man-meat. Then she started shouting, “Oh yes, give me more! Fuck me with that thing!” She was squirming and shouting and slamming her hands against the mattress, urging him to give her his whole dick.

Once Kevin was balls-deep, he told her to wrap her legs around him, which she immediately did. Then Kevin said he was going to fuck her senseless. “Oh, yes!” she groaned. “Please fuck me, Kevin, do it to me, please!” Then she looked over at me and panted, “Oh baby, my pussy is so full of cock! I love you and this feels unbelievably great! Fuck, this is so hot!”

Kevin then started up again, pumping her pussy with long, powerful strokes which

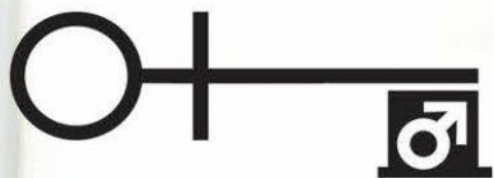
drove my wife wild. I lost count of the number of climaxes she had as Kevin fucked her for at least 20 minutes, until he finally groaned and spurted his seed inside her. When he withdrew, her pussy was wide open, and semen was seeping out and sliding down her ass crack.

Both Bill and I were hard again after watching this spectacle. Bill lay on his back and pulled Rose on top of him. He then slid his stiff cock into her well-fucked pussy, while I moved behind her and slowly worked myself into her tight backside. The two of us soon got a rhythm going, and it wasn't long before Rose was screaming again and ordering us to fuck her hard. She had one climax after another as we pounded at her holes until we couldn't hold back anymore, and we both blew our loads inside her convulsing body. Then we all collapsed on the bed.

Kevin and Bill spent the entire night in our room, making love to my eager wife, and for the remaining days of the cruise, the four of us were inseparable. I strongly suspect that most of the passengers knew that Rose was fucking these two guys, because the three of them made no effort to hide it, and once I even overheard someone refer to us as “the cougar, her mate, and her two pets.” Well, being the mate of a sexy cougar like my wife is just fine with me, and I'm happy to say that going on that cruise has started us off on a whole new lifestyle.

—R.B., Jackson, Mississippi

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LETTER OF THE MONTH

VISIONS OF LUST

Sharing the erotic act of voyeurism from a rooftop perch brings this couple to a new level of orgasmic heights.

Cady had a fun, twisted streak that went right up through the middle of her fine firm self. We both worked at a big-box outlet, and we'd been seeing a lot of each other socially. At some point, casual dating had turned into a romance. And now, a couple months in, it was maybe turning to something else—something crazy, sexy, and wild.

Though we had an energetic love life, she also liked to hear about my past. I'd never met a woman who wanted to know so much about my previous erotic adventures. She never showed any hint of jealousy, and afterward, if the story aroused her enough, she'd pounce on me.

So, one night at my apartment when she asked if I'd ever watched other people fucking, I knew fun was ahead. I just didn't know how much fun.

"I guess you don't mean 'watch' like in a porno?"

"Nope, Sid," she said, with a mischievous grin. "I mean real people, doing it live, like where they don't know you're there."

I found myself blushing and looking away. Cady leapt onto the couch, tackling me. "You've done it! Tell me all about it, you fucker!"

I laughed, pulled her on top of me as I sprawled across the cushions, and kissed her. "Okay," I said as she lay there, fingers drumming my chest expectantly. I took a breath as I gathered up the memory and readied myself to relay a story I had never told another person, let alone a lover.

Sometimes you are completely innocent. Sometimes you stumble into things. You don't plan for them; you don't even fantasize about them ever happening. But sometimes they do indeed happen. And these events can stay with you and change you.

"I was taking the train home for Christmas. I was twenty-one, so this was three years ago. Didn't have money for a sleeper, so I sat in the observation car, watching scenery and dozing. One of the times I woke up, from what must have been a deep snooze, it was

night. The rest of the car was empty. I looked out at the dark, passing countryside. The train rocked along. The hum of the rails gets into your balls after a while."

"I can picture this," Cady said, her hand moving slowly down my body. "You're horny and alone in a train car. Then what happens?"

I smiled, liking the feel of her body atop mine—and liking where her hand was heading. "Then the train stopped. Probably went onto a siding to let a freight pass. We'd stopped alongside a little town. I saw lighted windows here and there, and I wondered what the townsfolk were up to."

"SHE STARTED SLOWLY RUBBING MY HARDENING COCK THROUGH THE DENIM"

"But as I was about to zone out again, I zeroed in on this one window of a house. Its curtains were open wide, and I could see straight into a bedroom. There were two naked people inside. And... and..."

"And they were fucking!" Cady crowed gleefully and closed her hand over the crotch of my jeans.

I groaned happily. "Not quite fucking. But obviously getting ready to fuck"

I could still see the scene vividly in my head. It was a secret I'd carried all these years, afraid if I told anybody they'd think I was a pervert for watching people about to have sex. But Cady definitely liked my story. She started slowly, firmly rubbing my hardening cock through the denim.

The two people in the bedroom of the house were in athletic shape. The man was dark-haired, the woman blonde. The observation car had stopped nearest their house, at about the distance of a movie screen in a theater—except this wasn't any movie.

"They moved toward each other from opposite sides of the room, meeting in the middle, right in front of that big, lit-up window. He took her into his arms, and they kissed, long and deep. I looked around the car guiltily, but there was still no one around. I felt strange. I hadn't meant to spy on these two people, understand. I was completely innocent. All I'd done was sit there, and this show had appeared in front of me."

Cady unsnapped my jeans and took hold of my cock. As she fondled me and grinned, she said, "But you didn't look away. Did you?"

I blushed again. I told her I couldn't look away by then. I gazed wide-eyed at the couple. His hands were moving over her bare back. She reached around to squeeze his ass. They were rubbing their nicely toned bodies together. As he groped her full tits, she worked a hand between them and started pumping his meat.

Cady, meanwhile, was slowly, deliciously jerking my hard rod. I slipped a hand inside the back of her pants and caressed her shapely ass. She pressed her crotch against my leg, moving her hips in tight, little grinding motions.

In my memory, the blonde woman in the bedroom sank to her knees. I gasped out loud in the train car. It wasn't like I'd never seen people fucking in a porn movie, but there was something so immediate, so exciting, so real about watching those two through the window. They were actual people, not actors.

When the woman put her mouth on the man's cock, I had to free my throbbing dick from my pants. With a shaking hand, I touched myself, a hot quivery thrill racing all over my body. That blonde head bobbed up and down, hair swaying over her bare



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shoulders. She was sucking him right down to the hilt, taking every inch. The man planted his feet, put a hand on her head, and started thrusting into her mouth. As the woman blew him, she slid a couple of fingers into her pussy.

Cady was breathing in little pants. I grazed my fingers along the crack of her ass, and then slipped them into the sopping furrow of her pussy from behind. She bucked on top of me, jerking my cock harder.

I went on to describe the blonde woman fingering herself to orgasm as she kept up that amazing sucking rhythm. She didn't miss a beat as her beautiful body shuddered visibly. Afterward, the man pulled his gleaming cock out of her mouth, turned her around on her hands and knees, and got into position behind her.

By that point, I had been actively pulling on my staff in the empty observation car. My eyes were glued to the erotic scene. As the man slotted himself into the woman's waiting

hole, I started muttering to myself, "Yeah, yeah, fuck that hot cunt! Fuck her hard! Fuck her good!" Of course, anybody could have entered that car at any moment, but I was too far gone to care. The experience had touched some need in me. I'd never before imagined I was any kind of voyeur, but I fully understood the allure of it. These two people couldn't see me, but I could see them. The experience was exhilarating.

I fingered Cady harder, jamming two fingers right up to the first knuckle into her flowing pussy. With my thumb, I toyed with her butt hole, exactly the way she liked it. She was writhing on me madly. Her hand worked my cock furiously, and I felt a great eruptive pleasure gathering within me.

In the bedroom, the dark-haired man was fucking the blonde doggy-style, her knees spread and planted, his cock slamming into her from behind. Her whole body rippled with the lustful impact each time they collided. She was clawing at the carpet, yelling out

words I couldn't hear. Her tits swayed as she whipped her head from side to side.

I was still jerking off in my seat, still making my obscene encouragements: "Fuck that cunt! Fuck it deep!"

She appeared to come again, a big wriggling climax this time, her head flailing wildly, mouth wide with what had to be a shattering orgasmic scream. Her legs gave way, and she collapsed to the floor. At the same instant, the man shot his load. I could see the white drops rain across the woman's back.

I shot off as well, spattering the observation car window. It was as intense a climax as I'd ever had in my life up to that point.

Back in the present, Cady cried out, her lovely pussy closing tight around my intruding fingers. She still managed to give my cock the final jerks that touched off my orgasm. She turned her head and caught the flinging spurts of cream on her tongue. I grunted with



satisfaction. I was glad my story had pleased her.

On the train, I'd hastily wiped off the window with a napkin. As the train pulled away, the light went out in the house's bedroom. But the memory stayed with me, branded into my mind forever.

Cady stretched languidly atop me. She turned her face toward mine, and I pointed out where a few stray drops of my load had landed on her chin and cheeks. She scooped them up with a fingertip and put the finger in her mouth, savoring my flavor. Finally, she said, "You know those people knew what they were doing, right? They didn't know you were looking at them, but they had to figure

"SHE TURNED HER HEAD AND CAUGHT THE FLINGING SPURTS OF CREAM ON HER TONGUE"

somebody on that train had eyes on them. Why do you think they had the curtains open, the lights on?"

Sometimes when someone points out the obvious, it can seem like a magic trick. I gaped. The intensity of that memory must have clouded my thinking. I had never tried to guess the motives of those two anonymous lovers.

Cady giggled. "Some folks like to be watched. And some like to do the watching. Would you like to watch again, Sid? I know where we could do it, together. Are you interested?"

Oh, I was interested. I was very fucking interested.

Cady phoned me one night the following week, telling me to head over to her place. Even without her saying another word, I knew she had something special in mind—sinfully special. When I hurried over, I found a note



on her apartment door telling me to come up to the roof. She'd been cryptic, only saying I was in for a treat. My cock jerked in anticipation

On the dark roof, I stumbled around a bit until I saw Cady waving me over. The spot was protected on a couple sides by shafts but left a view over the roof edge to the adjacent building.

Cady kissed me fiercely, grinning with excitement. "I found out about this months ago. I like to come up here and watch the window and finger myself. I never thought I'd find somebody who might want to share the experience with me."

I gathered she meant the top-floor window opposite where we stood. We had a view into a broad bedroom with a huge bed and fleecy carpeting. I didn't see anybody in there, though the room was lit and the drapes opened wide to not impede anyone's view.

"A guy lives there," Cady said, bouncing on her toes next to me. "He's got this rotating cast of lovers. He always parades them through the bedroom beforehand, kind of like a preview."

"You mean he knows people watch?" The idea still astonished me.

"Why else the open-window policy?" She gave my ass a cheerful squeeze. "Tonight's going to be special!"

I wanted to tell her it was already special. I loved that we could indulge our mutual need. I'd been harboring this secret desire for years.

Then the show began.

Two beautiful women entered the bedroom, followed by the guy Cady had mentioned. My eyes went wide. Both women were stunning, their shapely bodies taut, their tits full. The one with caramel skin wore white stockings and garters, while the paler one's

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black stockings/garters combo offset her flesh nicely. Both women moved with runway-model ease in their impressively high heels.

The man was naked and sporting an impressive hard-on. The pair of women preceded him to the center of the bedroom. Nobody looked at the open window. The two lovely females turned to each other, leaned forward and kissed. It started as something soft and demure, though the slutty lingerie made them look less than innocent.

Then their kiss deepened, and they slid into one another's arms. They looked like photo negatives of each other. I liked how their limbs slipped together, one leg sliding against another of contrasting color. Their mouths ground together as they kissed

passionately. I saw their tongues flash wetly.

The man, meanwhile, gazed on this erotic display with smiling satisfaction. His cock twitched. My own meat was swelling in my pants. Cady stood in front of me. As I was taller, I could watch over her head. She pressed back against me, and I automatically started rubbing my crotch against her. I felt her body quivering with excitement.

The two women sank to the floor of the bedroom. The paler one sucked avidly on the other's tits, flicking the stiff nipples with her tongue. After a minute, the darker-complected woman flipped her friend over onto her back and started stroking her shaved furrow with her fingers.

"Yeah, yeah, finger that sweet hole!"

For a second, I thought I'd said the words out loud. But the breathy whisper had come from Cady, who was tightly gripping the edge of the parapet. I pressed my cock harder against her, then reached around under her sweater to close my hands on her breasts. Her nips were as hard as pebbles, and when I tweaked them, she groaned and muttered more obscenities. An excited heat built rapidly within me.

The two women on the carpet were now mutually fingering each other. They writhed on the floor. This was a perfect view into that bedroom, like the ideal duck blind for a hunter by a lake. Anybody else who might be watching from one of the nearby buildings wouldn't have as fine a view as we did.



**“SHE GROUND
HER BODY
AGAINST MINE,
TAKING MY COCK
IN DEEP”**

When the women moved into a sixty-nine and began to lap furiously at each other's pussy, somebody growled, "Eat that cunt! Lick it good!" This time, the voice came from me.

Cady unsnapped her pants and wriggled them down around her knees. I did the same, dying by now to free my aching cock. She bent forward, and I slid my swollen cockhead along her streaming cleft, loving the slippery feel of her well-primed entrance. With a grunt, I slotted myself into her from behind. Her inner walls gripped me, and she gasped. We were hidden from view, unlike the exhibitionists across the way, but our coupling still felt like a brazen act.

As the gorgeous pair of females thrashed about, one atop the other, the man at last stepped into the action. I wondered how he'd held himself back this long. He knelt behind



the woman currently on top and slid his long cock into her pussy from behind. Beneath her, her companion reached for the man's balls as they dangled tantalizingly above.

He advanced into that pussy with deliberate strokes. As he drew out, the woman underneath reached up and ran her tongue along his glistening shaft. I couldn't believe how much detail I could see. Cady had sure picked this spot well.

I clutched her waist, slowly thrusting into her, savoring every movement of our joining. Even though we'd fucked a lot before, I knew this was going to be an extraordinary event. Cady ground her body against mine, taking my cock in deep.

The man fucked the darker woman in the white stockings and garters until she shuddered with orgasm. I watched her cry out, though I could hear nothing through the glass. Then, everyone cooperating, the women changed positions. The pale woman in the black lingerie was now on top, presenting her pussy to the man while burying her face in her counterpart's sweet muff. Her lover thrust his cock into her.

I didn't know how this anonymous, handsome man had arranged all this. Maybe he was the luckiest guy on Earth—except I felt like the lucky one. I was here with my girlfriend, watching this incredible exhibition, sharing the voyeuristic pleasure of it. Also I

was fucking her while we watched.

By now I was pounding Cady. I could hear our fleshy slaps ring out across the empty rooftop. When she said, "Fuck, fuck, fuck!" I knew that this time she was talking to me.

The man screwed the second woman as thoroughly as the first, all while getting his balls sucked. As I stared in awe, he brought the woman to what looked like an eruptive climax. She collapsed onto the woman beneath her. Both females rolled limply free. Dazedly, they raised their heads, faces gleaming with pussy juice.

Gently, in an almost courtly manner, the man helped them off the floor and escorted them to the wide, waiting bed. He lay back against the plentiful pillows. His two beautiful companions arranged themselves on either side of his rampant cock. Then they both lowered their heads and went to work on him with their talented mouths.

"Suck him good! Suck him deep!" Cady and I sang out our unheard encouragements together. I felt utterly in sync with her, our carnal appetites matching perfectly. Our bodies were as joined as our spirits, and I slammed into her with the cool night air on our exposed flesh. A powerful rapture raged through me, still escalating toward a final crisis point. Cady trembled and shuddered.

The women started out taking their turns on the man on the bed. One would lick his

balls while the other deep-throated him. Then they changed their approach. The man's hands flailed and clawed at the silken sheets, as they did him harmonica style, each racing her open mouth up and down one side of his shaft. Their lips seemed to just touch around his girth. His face was twisted into violent ecstasy.

When he sat halfway up, his strong abs tightening, the women backed off a little bit. His come rocketed upward. I watched the fat white droplets sail through the air. The cream spattered the women's bodies, to their obvious delight. They grinned and laughed and milked the man's cock for the last few spurts.

As they were licking his load from one another's flesh, that ultimate spasm started deep in me and took me away. Cady writhed as I shot my hot seed into her, both of us letting out ragged cries of joy. The pleasure thumped me again and again, speeding me off into absolute bliss. It only gradually slowed as I spewed my last jets up into her quivering pussy.

We sagged against each other, our bodies gloriously spent, our spirits bonded. Across the way, the drapes had been drawn over the bedroom window. The show was over. But I knew I would never forget this experience, or the amazing woman I had shared it with.

—S.K., Via E-Mail



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URGENT DELIVERY

Michael is the man of my dreams. Actually, Michael is the man of my dirty fuck fantasies.

He comes to the office twice a week to deliver papers from corporate, and he always spends a minute at my desk. A minute longer than he has to. He could simply slide the envelope into my slot—when what I'd like him to slide into my slot is a lot bigger, a lot harder, than any manila envelope. He's brawny and blonde, and he wears buttoned-down clothes for the job, but once I saw him out of work at the beach, and fuck does that man have a bod to be proud of. Rippled muscles in his arms, a solid six-pack bordering on a twelve-pack. I peeked at him over my sunglasses and tried not to leave a wet spot on my towel.

But back to work, which is where I was this afternoon, when Michael came in with the regular delivery. Except, this time, there were boxes. That's a rare occurrence for us. Generally, he brings papers that need pen-and-ink signatures. Documents that can't be emailed or faxed, that have RUSH and PRIORITY stamped on them in bold red ink. (For some reason, even those words always have made me hot. As if my libido was the thing being stamped. RUSH me to a climax. My orgasm is a high PRIORITY.)

He asked if I would help him move the multiple cartons from his truck to the copy room, and the whole time I was making small talk, banter, that sort of normal chitchat, all I could think about was fucking him. Right there. Somewhere.

Anywhere.

"That's the last of them, Rochelle," he said, when we'd brought in the final banker's box and stacked it in the corner.

"Damn," I said, giving myself away with a single syllable.

He cocked a brow at me curiously. "You enjoy lugging heavy boxes?"

"Anything for a break in schedule," I tried, helplessly. What I honestly wanted to say was, "Look. There's only the two of us. We're in the copy room, all by ourselves. We could do anything we wanted to. Fuck making multiple copies. We could make multiple orgasms..."

Now, that wasn't totally true. There were

other people around, of course. I work in a busy office. Someone is always coming or going. But I wanted to be coming. And I wanted to be coming right then, on Michael's thick cock. I hoped it was a thick cock—thick and long and...

Michael was closer to me than he'd ever been before. I could smell the erotic, subtle scent of his aftershave. He said, "Maybe there was one more box in the truck, now that I think of it."

At first, I didn't realize what he was implying. I'd been momentarily lost in lust, wondering what his dick looked like, whether he was cut or uncut, whether he tucked to the left or the right. So there was one more box in the truck? So what? Michael put a hand on my shoulder. He gently squeezed me through my crisp white blouse. From

**"I MADE SMALL
TALK BUT ALL I
COULD THINK
ABOUT WAS
FUCKING HIM"**

his subtle touch, I understood... The truck! Even better. The truck was in the parking lot. I had no reason not to follow him back outside. Perhaps the box was heavy. Maybe it would need two sets of hands. Delirious visions began to unfold in my brain. I trotted alongside Michael out of the office and into the parking lot.

But wait, I thought. What if he wasn't kidding. What if there was a box, and I had misread his honest statement as flirtation? I'd be crushed. I'd have to come up with a reason to hurry off to the ladies' room to rub out my frustration.

My brain was full of babble.

When he opened the back of the truck, I nearly swooned with relief. The vehicle was empty except for an old blanket. We

didn't say a word to each other. We both got in the back, and Michael pulled the door shut behind us. Then we were in the semi-darkness of the rear of the delivery truck, and all sorts of filthy innuendos kept popping in my head. I wanted him to fill the rear of my delivery truck... that sort of thing.

Michael brought one hand up and gently brushed a wayward strand of my glossy dark hair out of my eyes. At any other time, I might have melted at that gesture. But on this afternoon, I thought, No, Sir. Not today. We have got, probably, six minutes until someone realizes that no box could be that unwieldy. Niceties would have to wait. Besides, we'd had months of what felt like foreplay. Talking. Flirting. Fantasizing.

I launched, pressing my body against his hard form, smacking my lips to his. He almost laughed. I could feel the rumble in his chest. He was surprised by my take-charge attitude. Quickly, his laugh died into a smile, and then he kissed me back, really kissed me. Electricity seemed to be traveling up and down my spine. I had dreamed of this moment for months. Every time I'd signed for delivery, every time he'd turned and walked away and I'd clocked his tight ass in those tight chinos, this is what I'd wanted.

Well, this and more.

We broke the kiss long enough for me to hike up my short navy skirt and for Michael to undo his belt and slacks. I was giddy from anticipation. That burning yearning I'd felt every time I'd seen him? Clearly, he'd felt something of the same. I could see the outline of his cock in his tight briefs, and I realized my desires had been answered. He. Was. Hung.

"Rochelle, I've been wanting..." he said.

"And waiting..." I panted. I kicked off my shoes in order to take off my nylons. I was so horny that I could have simply shredded them off myself, but I worked to stay in control. At some point, I was going to have to return to the office. No need to appear as if I'd been mauled in the parking lot.

He spread that blanket out on the floor of the truck, and I spread my legs. Michael sucked in his breath when he saw me. My pussy was so wet that I knew the tender folds must be positively glistening. I could feel how slippery I was. Now, I wanted him to feel me, too.

"You're beautiful," he said.



"Your cock," I begged.

"Not so fast." He shook his head at me, as if he wasn't dying like I was for the fucking to begin. All those months of double entendres, plays on words, sexy winks. Even the little shimmery jolts I'd experience when he'd hand me a pen to sign for the papers.

I knew he was as aroused as I was, but he acted the opposite. Cool. Calm. Concerned for my wellbeing. Or if not my wellbeing, at least concerned for my clitoris. Truly? That was fine with me. He could get to know me intimately if he so desired.

He took the time to taste me first. I was wooed by the gentlemanliness in the gesture, Michael's tongue fluttering over my throbbing clit, his hands parting my petals wide so

he could get in deep. He made a ring with his lips right around my hot button. I ran my fingers through his thick blonde hair. His hair was soft and silky. When he moved his head back and forth, his tresses tickled my inner thighs in the most perfect manner.

He sucked on me, then let his tongue tap rapidly against that pulse point. I could have come right then, with Michael's mouth on my mound, but as delightful as that felt, I wanted more.

"I need something to suck on," I said.

"Oh, yes," he agreed, shifting so that in that truck bed, we were suddenly sixty-nining, and I had a mouthful of Michael. How many times had I excused myself to the ladies' room, only to jack off in a stall while

I sucked my thumb and imagined drinking from Michael's cockhead? Too many to count, that's for sure. His manhood more than matched my expectations. I bobbed on his plum-like tip before moving slightly so I could really work the shaft. Michael groaned at the oral onslaught but didn't break from his own task. I could tell he wanted to get me off before getting inside me. I had no problem with that plan. With his large cock down my throat and his tongue twittering over my clit, I was in heaven.

"Cup my balls," he whispered when he paused for breath. I did more than cup them. I licked my palm and then cradled his sac so that he could feel the wetness on his sensitive skin. That move had an immediate

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effect. He bucked and drove the last inch of his rod down my throat. I swallowed so that he could feel the constriction, and he moaned at the velvety tightness.

How much time did we have left? I no longer cared. I'd left my post unmanned, but Michael's post was so much more important to me at the moment. Messages could go to voicemail. I wanted to use my mouth for something far sexier than answering the telephone.

All of those months of fantasies had brought us to this point, where I was bestowing the best blowjob of my life, and Michael was the lucky recipient. I'd sucked my own thumb and thought of him! He was going to experience every trick in my book, every lick of my tongue, until he gave me what I was after. That was my plan, anyway.

To my utter surprise, he grunted and withdrew. I felt empty, and I followed after him, so we were squirming together on the rough blanket, I in search of his cock, he after something else.

"Your mouth is unbelievable," he said. "So warm, so wet, but I want to be inside you." As soon as he voiced the words, I wanted what he wanted. It was as if we were magically bound together in X-rated urges, connected in our dreamy desires. But then he added the kicker: "After I fuck you, you can lick your juices off me." And I nearly exploded right then. Holy hell. He was handsome, hung like a porn star, and filled with explicit instructions? I'd won the erotic jackpot!

"Would you like that, Rochelle? Would you like to taste our juices mingled together?"

"HE PUMPED INTO ME, THRUSTING SO THAT I FELT HIS COCK ALL THE WAY TO MY CORE"

I shivered at his delicious dirty talk. In all the times I'd imagined having sex with him—fucking him on my desk, in the men's room, on the long wooden table in the conference room—I'd never thought to add a soundtrack. He had a filthy mouth. I'd scored even more than I'd hoped!

"Tell me," he said, and I realized I hadn't answered verbally, that I was almost too far gone to respond. I nodded excitedly, and said, "Oh, yes. I will lick off every drop of my come for you. I'll give you a fucking tongue bath..." There. I'd done it, too.

"Dirty girl," he said, and I could tell he meant the words as a compliment.

He positioned himself now in a missionary style, hands on either side of my face, and he pumped his cock inside me. I could feel the fabric of my skirt between us, could feel his slacks against my bare skin. His cock

was wet from my mouth, and then his cock was wet from my cunt. I closed my eyes for a second to revel in the way he felt, so raw and hard inside me. But he clearly wanted us to be connected because he said, "Look at me, Rochelle."

I opened my eyes and stared into his. How blue his eyes were.

"I've thought of this so many times," he said, lifting the words out of my own mind. "I have fantasized about fucking you since we first met."

"Really?" I was breathless. This was happy and sad news to me. The happy was that we'd finally connected. The sad was that we'd lost six months of prime fucking, and we had nobody to blame but ourselves. I ought to have written my number down when he'd asked me to sign for a package. He should have made a pass earlier.

"You sit there so prim and proper at the front desk, and all I've wanted to do was muss you up."

Oh, dear lord. Muss me, I thought. Muss me, Michael. Make me all dirty so that everyone guesses what we've been up to.

He pumped into me, thrusting so that I felt his cock all the way to my core. Then he started up a steady rhythm. In and out. In and out. I lay back and sighed. When he spiraled his hips, his cockhead seemed to brush my G-spot, and a burst of pure pleasure expanded throughout my entire body. If I believed in auras, mine would have been 24-karat gold. I was floating in that dazed moment of bliss when he pulled out and did what he'd promised, moving us so that he was kneeling. In a flash, I was bowed before him, sucking my juices from his beautiful dick.

I behaved as promised. I licked and sucked his rod clean, my tongue working every last inch of him until he was the one sighing. I couldn't wait to taste his come. I started to work on mission, indenting my cheeks with the intensity of my suction. Michael, however, had other plans. He had us doggy-style next, his hand wrapped in my hair as he gave it to me hot and hard.

Suddenly, I had a flash of the future. Of how we might connect if we weren't confined by time and space. No, I wasn't interested in otherworldly sex, but sex at my apartment, with toys, with gear, with lube, with a whole night, with a bed...

Michael fingered my asshole, and I mewled.

"You like that," he observed, and I imagined his eyes glittering in the dim light. "That feels good, doesn't it? My finger probing you there."

"Yeah," I agreed. "I do. It does."

"You want more?"

"Yes," I demanded. "More... give me more."

He wet one of his fingers in my copious juices and then started to slowly, gently, trace the circle of my asshole. I was nearly transported by the tawdry pleasure of this move. I could not believe that minutes before I'd been sitting at my desk, daydreaming out the window, thinking of what Michael might do to me. One day. Someday. And now he was! Now he was doing all the naughty things I'd imagined.

Well, almost all of them.

He slowly slid the tip of his finger into my asshole. I cried out at the intrusion. He was fucking my pussy and working my backdoor in tandem. I didn't think anything could possibly feel better than that. Not until he said, "Touch yourself. Go on, baby, and touch yourself while I fuck you."

Balancing carefully, I brought one hand to my clit. I started to rub myself in rhythm to the way Michael was fucking me. I had my eyes shut so tight, I thought I could see sparkling stars. He kept doing exactly the right thing, filling me up with his cock in my pussy and teasing me with his finger in my rear hole. I couldn't have given him better directions on how to take me to orgasm. I felt poised on the brink of an earth-shattering, mind-blowing climax. There I was, teetering, until Michael suddenly thrust his finger deep into my ass, and that was what ultimately made me come. Like a rush. Like a wildfire. Like something untamed.

I cried out, my release so fierce and freeing that I forgot completely about our location. If one of my coworkers had been walking past the truck, my cries would definitely have caused consternation. I didn't care. There we were, back of the truck, Michael's finger in my rear, his cock in my pussy, and me—lost and found, to the other side and back.

It took me a moment to catch my breath, to regain my senses, and then I realized that Michael hadn't come yet. He was still driving into me, working me at that steady, hypnotic pace. That made me think I still had a shot at tasting his come, which was high on my to-do list of desires. Obviously surprising

him, I pulled forward so that his cock slipped out of me, and then I spun around. He was starting to protest, when I shut him down by beginning to stroke his balls once more as I slurped my juices off his cock. There was even more this time. I'd made him drippy wet.

"You're so fucking big," I said when I paused for air. "I feel like a won the lottery. The Long-Cock Lottery."

He grinned at me and licked his lips. "Me, too," he said. "I thought a girl like you was out of my league."

"How do you figure that?"

"You just always had that look on your face, like you never get your hands dirty."

"I don't," I agreed. "Just my mouth," and I went back to it, slicking the tip of my tongue into the slit in his cockhead, then deep-throating him all the way to the base. This was no easy feat. Michael was seriously hanging with the big guys. That didn't stop me. I'm always up for a challenge, and at the moment I was on a mission, out for the sweet surrender of his come. I wanted to revel in the flavor—the salty warmth. I wanted to make him surrender to me.

He braced himself and let me loose, and I unleashed all of my powers. I sucked hard, then followed with a more easy motion. I teased him by tracing designs along his prodigious length, and then simply began to work him in the most powerful, old-fashioned

blowjob style I could manage. Up and down and fast. I could feel myself getting wet all over again. Blowing him was turning me on in a major way. Soon—too soon—he announced he was coming. I think he wanted to give me the option of moving aside and letting him spray the back of his truck with his seed. Would I waste his release? No way. I stayed glued to him, my hands on his thighs, keeping my lips locked in place. He bucked and groaned and then released in a series of glorious spurts. I wasn't jarred at all. I stayed with him to the end, making sure I swallowed every last drop of his pleasure. Only then did I back up and gaze at him, supremely sated and satisfied.

"Holy fucking wow," he said.

"Oh, yeah," I agreed.

We were both demolished. I didn't even know where my panties were. How trashy was that? Trashy in a good way. I went rummaging around the back of the truck while Michael adjusted himself. He looked similar to the way I'd spied him at the beach. Sweaty, maybe, but sexy as hell. He ran the back of his hand across his forehead. We'd just performed one amazing workout.

I found my panties in my nylons and worked to untangle them. Michael watched me the whole time, somewhat lecherously. "You look as hot as fuck," he said, putting into words precisely how I felt about him.



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TRUE CONFESSIONS

"So do you," I said, and I grinned and slid my panties back on.

"I can't wait to do that again," he confessed. I actually hesitated then. Did he mean now? Was he ready for round two? I, for one, was game. Maybe he'd blindfold me with my nylons, or possibly tie me up... But then he added the words, "Tonight, after work," and so I knew that I had to go back, had to complete the rest of the day, which reminded me of something.

"What are they going to say when I return to the office empty-handed?" I asked. "I was supposed to be out here, helping you carry a box."

"You definitely helped me unload," he cracked.

"Really," I said, sliding on the nylons, and then locating my pumps. I'd flung them to the corners of the truck in my haste. Now, I slid them back on and smoothed my hands over my rumpled skirt.

"Say we couldn't locate it. They have no idea that the truck is empty. Tell them I'll have to make a return trip." He shook his head in mock-sadness.

"Is that a promise?"

"You'll see me by five o'clock," he assured.

Hurrying, I made it to my desk and saw that I'd only been absent for ten minutes. All that fucking, and we'd only taken 600 seconds! I could count my brief absence as a coffee break, even though I had enjoyed a semen injection rather than a caffeine pick-

me-up. The rest of the day, I floated around in a happy glazed mood. My itch had been scratched. My desires had been exotically fulfilled. At least some of them. Now, I only had to wait until five.

I was restless and sticky for the rest of the afternoon. My pussy felt sweetly pounded. My panties positively stuck to me. Every step I took reminded me of the way Michael's dick had felt inside me. Every time I sat down, I thought of his cock in my cunt, his finger in my ass. It was going to be more than a finger tonight. I was going to break out the bottle of lube, let him hold me open, let him drive inside. I could only envision what his big cock would feel like nestled between my rear cheeks, and that was enough to have me all



"BLOWING HIM WAS TURNING ME ON IN A MAJOR WAY"

drippy wet again. If I wasn't careful, I'd be leaving a wet spot on my office chair, and that would be difficult to hide.

I tried to think of dull things. I tried to focus on the work at hand. But nothing could drive the images from my head. Michael, gorgeous delivery man Michael, was going to come by at five. Somehow I managed to make it through the rest of the afternoon. To my delight, Michael pulled up right when I was ready to end my day.

"Do you have a delivery for me?" I asked innocently.

"Oh, yes," he said. I've got something for you in the back."

"I hope so," I said, looking up at him. His blue eyes flashed. "Do you need any assistance in the truck?" I asked.

"Like you wouldn't fucking believe."

-R.L., Via E-Mail

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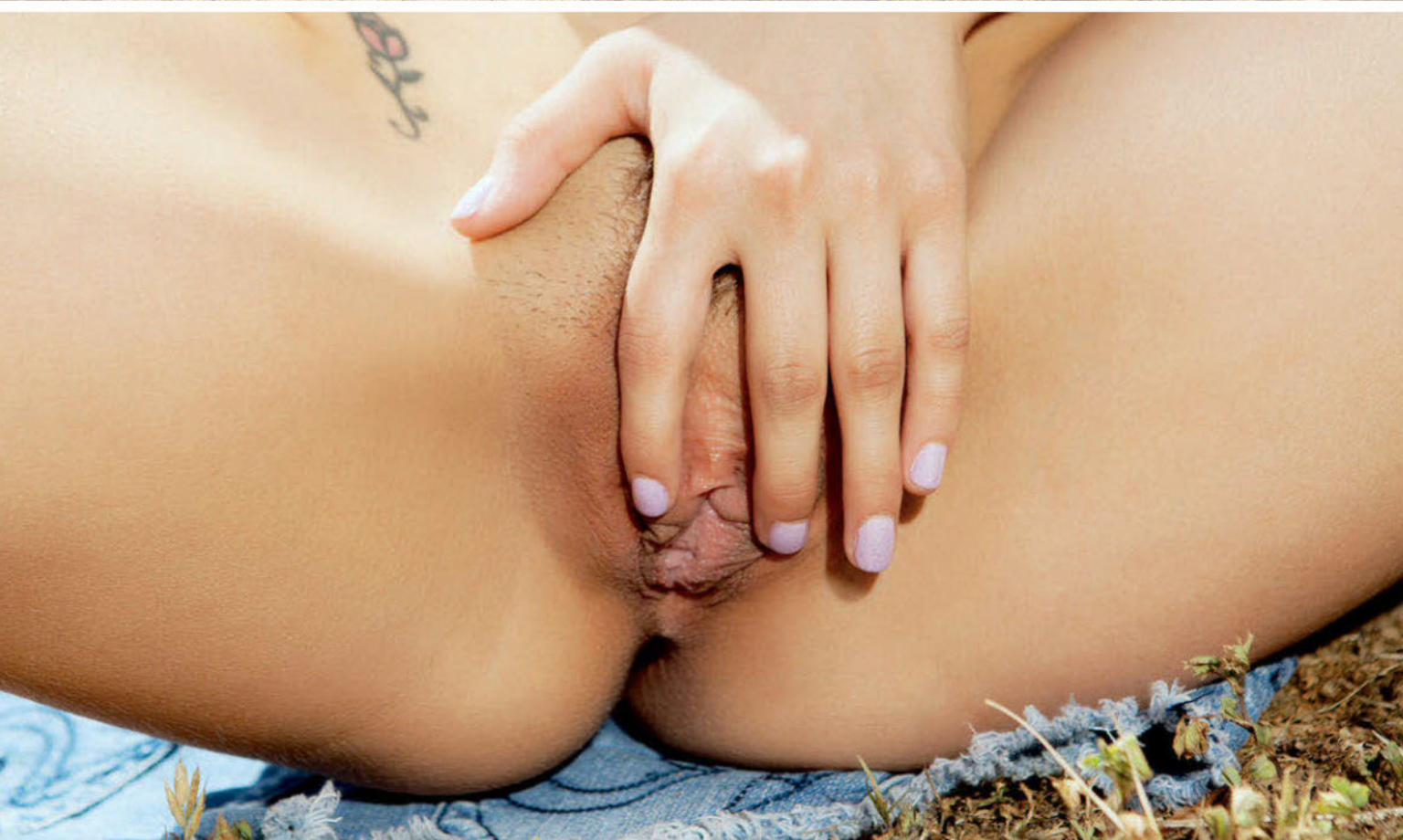


“I’VE ALWAYS HAD A THING
FOR FARM BOYS...”

- SHYLA









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THE LAST PHONE BOOTH

An inventive pair dials up pleasure when they bring their exhibitionistic fantasy to life.

By Alison Tyler

“I want to fuck you in a phone booth.”
I knew Van was the one for me when I didn’t see a bulge in his pocket.
“I want to press you up against the glass and lift up your little skirt.”

The boys in the city—they all have a well-worn rectangle on the back of their jeans from where their smartphones sit. In fact, the newest types of pants come with larger pockets to fit the latest models. Not Van. At first, I thought maybe he carried his cell in his coat—better than allowing his family jewels to be irradiated. But the first time he handed me his coat to hang up, there was no telltale weight. It was just a coat—a nice red-and-blue plaid coat—but only a coat.

“You’ll be so wet. You’ll be dripping wet at the thought that someone might see us.”

People in my circle give you looks when you explain that you’re not a techie. You receive strange expressions when you confess to not having any social media accounts, for spelling the word “tumbler” with an “e” and pouring whiskey into one. Especially if you live in San Francisco.

“I want truckers to drive by and see your feet on the walls and honk their air horns at us.”

But I’m low-tech, and so is Van. As a painter, I’ve managed to escape the need to connect with the world electronically. I do my best work in the sparsely decorated living room of my Victorian apartment, bring my wares to the gallery, and let people who know better handle the rest. Van is head chef at a high-end bistro in Noe Valley. The restaurant has a web presence, but Van does not.

When we visit coffee shops, we’re often the only customers who don’t carry devices with us. What do we do when we’re out together? We actually talk. Imagine that! Once, we were seated next to a couple who I thought was saying grace before their meal—turned out that they were simply both looking down at their phones at the same time, heads bowed, faces awash in the alien

glow of their smartphone screens.

“I want us to be encased in one of those glass booths—where we feel as if we have privacy, but where anyone, everyone could see.”

So when Van confessed his number-one fantasy to me—the one that got him hotter than anything else—I decided right then I would make his dirty dreams come true. Screwing in a phone booth shouldn’t have been much of a problem, right? I’m flexible. Van’s bendy. Except when was the last time

“I REVELED IN THE IDEA OF TURNING AN EROTIC FANTASY INTO REALITY”

you saw a telephone booth? Not a kiosk, open to the public. Not a solitary phone hung from a wall at the mall. But a good old-fashioned, honest-to-goodness phone booth?

Neither of us had spied one in eons. Before I met Van, I hadn’t even thought to look.

I began to pay attention when I drove around the city. On my various journeys, I discovered several booths that had been turned into what could only be described as artistic installations, the phones removed and the booths transformed. Graffiti was the mode of choice for these endeavors. Colorful splashes of bright red and neon green—sometimes pictures, more often words of

the perfectly obscene variety.

Occasionally, the booths had been creatively repurposed. One was a garden. Another a makeshift library overflowing with battered paperbacks—take one, leave one, go on your merry way. I found booths that had returned to their prehistoric state, overgrown by dark green ivy, curling leaves twining in and out of the broken doors. Some booths were ashed by fires. None was right for the two of us.

That didn’t stop me from searching. Van wanted this. He wanted it so bad that whenever we had sex, the talk of phone booths became foreplay. If we fucked in the shower, he had us pretend that glassed-in area was a public phone booth. When we were in the bedroom, he’d hold me up against the wall, whisper to me that this is how he’d take me in public, his hands cradling my ass, his cock in me to the hilt. His fantasy soon became my fantasy. I understood the concept of exposure, of exhibitionism. But more than that, I reveled in the idea of turning an erotic daydream into something tangible and true.

Past lovers had often shared their desires with me. One had craved watching me kiss another girl. Any girl. Didn’t matter to him. He wanted to see two women French kiss, swore that nothing could top that concept in his X-rated imaginings. What began as bedroom talk turned real one night. Yeah, I’d hooked that up—calling in Molly, a kinky friend from college, who always bragged about her bi streak. Molly and I had put on such a show for Raymond that we had momentarily forgotten about our audience. Molly had long red hair and pale skin dotted with freckles. We’d kissed and cuddled on the couch until clothes seemed like an unnecessary hindrance, and we’d stripped and sixty-nined, all while Raymond sat nearby, tugging on his cock and waiting for his turn.

My ex-boyfriend George had gone the other route. He’d whispered late one winter evening that all he truly needed was another



EROTICA

man in our bed, one who would take turns between the two of us, plundering me, then plundering him.

"That's what you want?" I'd asked, intrigued. I'd never thought of sleeping in a bed with two men before. But the ménage with Molly had opened my eyes to new possibilities. Maybe I'd like being the filling in a sandwich, taken from front and back by two different men.

"Just once," he'd said. "A hot guy to fuck you, then fuck me, then fuck you. Wouldn't that be so sexy? Wouldn't you like to see me suck another man's cock? Or have one suck mine?"

The honest answer to that was a resounding yes. I loved deep-throating George, doing my best to capture the full fat length of him down my throat. Watching someone else try that same trick turned me on. We had the hottest sex ever as we discussed whom we might invite into our bed to make that happen. There was Manuel from the gym, our attractive building super Freddy, but we'd ultimately ended up with one of George's coworkers. The three of us got tipsy at an office function, hurried back to our apartment, tore off our clothes in the living room, and sprinted naked to the bed.

In that game, I lost out, realizing as I watched Tim blow my George that what George really wanted was not a one-night

stand but a boyfriend. We're still in touch, the three of us. We do brunch in the Castro at least twice a year.

In comparison, Van's desires seemed relatively simple. Whenever we were in tight spaces, he would remind me of what turned him on the most. That happened more often than one might expect. We had a trial run in a dressing room. Van pretended that he needed my advice on a pair of slacks he was buying. Who needs advice on slacks? They either fit or they don't. It took me a moment to cotton on, to understand that what he actually wanted was me in the dressing room with him, the potential for other customers to know what we were doing, the thrill of almost getting caught. And oh, that is a thrill. That tickle of fear. That whisper of possible embarrassment.

He pressed me against the back of the door, undid the buttons on my sheer black blouse, then tugged down my scarlet bra. He bent to capture my left nipple in his mouth, then my right. He stuck one hand down the front of my jeans, toggled my clit while he licked the side of my neck and sent pure silver spangles of pleasure fluttering brilliantly throughout my whole body. There wasn't any true danger. We were in a second-hand store in the Haight. The clerks at the front desk were too busy discussing their next tattoo designs to worry about us. Nobody

gave a fuck what went on in the rear. But we pretended. We kissed with passion. We fucked quickly, me with my hands braced on the cold glass mirror, Van behind me, gripping my hips. I could see his fierce expression in the glass, could see that he was transported by the excitement.

This was good. This was real.

But that didn't change the fact: he wanted to fuck me in a telephone booth.

Next, we tried an elevator. You would have thought a phone booth would be easier. Phone booths don't move. Nobody can get on and off a phone booth while you're in mid-fuck. But in spite of our best efforts, we still hadn't located the perfect one. So one night we went to a bar in a high-class hotel downtown. We had a drink each and played footsie under the table. I knew what we were going to do. Van knew, too, and the anticipation was as much of an aphrodisiac as the way he looked in his suit and tie. I think he's hot in his white chef gear, but this was different. We wanted to blend in with the hotel's upscale clientele. Late at night, after last call, the lobby was nearly deserted. We made our way to the bank of elevators as if we had every reason to be there. Just one more fancy couple, right?

Luck was in our pocket. We weren't stopped as we snagged an elevator on our own. We had more than thirty floors to ride—and oh, did we ride them. I started by sucking Van on my knees. He pushed button after button on the panel so that we went up to ten, back down to six, up to 14. It was like a dirty math problem—and when he ultimately shot down my throat, I licked my lips and motioned for him to take his place. What's good for the goose, right? He did so with glee, lifting my dress and getting his mouth right on me. He tugged at my pussy lips, opened me up with his thumb and forefingers, kissed me directly on my clit before making slow and subtle circles around and around.

Nobody disturbed our erotic adventure.

Maybe that was the problem.

He got me off while I watched the numbers light up. He lit me up, that's for sure. But although the sex was phenomenal, it was elevator sex, not phone booth sex.

Did Van want to be caught? I didn't think so. Not for real. What he wanted was the possibility. And we were running out of options. Dressing room? Check. Elevator?



“I PANTED AS HE PULLED THE GUSSET OF MY PANTIES TO THE SIDE”



Check. What was next? A taxicab? A cable car? I didn't think even stealth lovers like us would be able to pull that off.

When we were apart, I searched for phone booths. When we were together, we talked about what the experience would be like. How sexy screwing in such close confines would be. He'd whisper to me, his accent as erotic as his words, telling me how he wanted to take me, what I'd look like, how he'd make me feel.

Next, we fucked in a cloakroom at his boss's wedding. Then, we did it in the powder room at a neighbor's barbecue. We tried down out on my fire escape. Midnight on his rooftop. Another couple would have reveled in the creative ways we found to play. And yet, when we were making love, it was the booth fantasy that always brought Van to his limits. Phone sex for us meant something different entirely from the standard definition.

"You have to really work for it in a phone booth," Van said, and then I started to wonder exactly what his history was. Why this particular fetish? Where had the idea come from?

"So you've done this before?" I asked curiously.

"The phone booths are bigger in England," he said.

"Tell me about it."

Turned out that one of Van's earliest sexual experiences had been on a college dare. His girlfriend had made him come quietly one night on the Tube, her hand in his lap hidden by the folds of an old peacoat. His eyes shut as she slowly, quietly, gave him the most delicious handjob of his life.

He'd returned the favor by squirting her to a phone box and at one in the morning, when nobody was around, going down on her while she braced herself against the glass.

That was it—all they'd done. Now he wanted to do the full deed. Fucking in a phone booth. If we could only find one that would suit us.

Whenever we were out, we searched the city. Sometimes, one of us would think we'd scored—"I found it!"—only to go back the next weekend and see that the booth had been removed in the few days that had passed. This was something happening all over the country. The death of the phone booth, killed by modern technology. Van read an article about the booths in New York—all but four of them—being transformed into new types of informational kiosks with wi-fi and free calls anywhere. No need to insert a quarter any longer. There was a feeling of pressure; if we didn't act now, it might be too late.

"You're not going to wear any panties," Van said. He liked to plan the entire encounter. It was his favorite method of foreplay. "You'll have on a short skirt, thigh-highs, boots. Please wear your boots."

"And you?" I asked. "What's easy access for you?"

"Button fly, baby doll. And commando, of course."

Even if we did find a working phone booth in the city, how likely would we be able to pull off a public tryst? Van and I had a superlative sex life indoors. But still—he talked about his fantasies.

So I went online. I started searching for phone booths, and I was intrigued when I

finally located one on a rural road a few hours north of us. I made plans. I booked us a bed-and-breakfast. I told Van something about the weekend getaway, but I kept the main event a secret. Van thought we were headed to the hills for a little R&R. He was fine with that. He packed his hiking boots and fiddled with his outdoor gear. On the drive, we listened to music and discussed where we might dine... and then I pulled over.

"Is everything okay?"

"I just wanted to make a call," I said.

He looked startled. He knew I didn't have a cell. That was one of the very things that had brought us together. Then he saw the booth.

"Oh, fuck," he said, and he was getting out of the car before I could say another word. My pussy was instantly wet.

Now my outfit made sense to him—the short sultry skirt, the thigh highs and boots. Who dresses like that for a drive to the country? He practically ran to the phone booth. I trotted after him. This was still a working phone booth. He lifted the receiver and heard the dial tone. We'd found one! We'd done it!

Well, not yet, actually. But we were about to.

He had me up in his big hands, pressed against the side of the phone booth. He pushed against me and I could feel how hard he was, and I closed my eyes, so pleased I had found this for him, so pleased I had given this to him.

"It's hard to tell now," he said, "with all the newfangled gizmos on the market. Hard to tell which ones are the good girls and which

EROTICA

ones are the bad girls. The best girls."

"What do you mean?" I panted as he pulled the gusset of my panties to the side and ran his thumb between my pussy lips.

He brought his mouth to my ear and he said, "Only a bad girl would let herself get fucked in a phone booth."

Was that it? Was that part of the pleasure for him? I'd definitely proven myself over the past few months—the two of us making love anywhere and everywhere. Except in a phone booth.

Now, I opened my eyes wide while Van undid his belt and pants. I wanted to soak in everything. I wanted to memorize every little detail. He held me against the inside of the booth, cradling my ass in his big hands. And I understood right then why he'd wanted this—there was something both old and new about being fucked like this. We were practically outdoors. The glassed sides of the booth were clear. But we were in our own private space. I put out my hand to hold steady, touching the chrome shelf beneath the phone, and then Van picked me up and pulled me down onto his cock.

We were really doing this! We were fucking in a booth—exactly as he'd fantasized about, as he'd talked about for months. On this deserted stretch of road, we were all alone, but out in public. This felt different from our sojourns in the city. Magical, somehow. Like we were the last two people on earth and we were fucking in the last telephone booth.

Van bit the side of my neck, thrust hard into my pussy. He was aquiver with excitement, his cheeks flushed, his gray eyes

bright. When he touched my clit, I felt that burst of pure pleasure—it wasn't going to take much more than that to get me off. And then Van began talking...

"The thing is..." he said. "This all started so long ago."

"What started?" I asked, my breath hushed, my voice hoarse. "What did?"

"The idea. The fantasy."

"How did it start?"

His cock was working me, fast and hard. His thumb would every so often brush against my swollen clit. From our time together, he knew exactly how to bring me to the highest place. A little tease, then a rougher stroke. A tantalizing whisper, and then a firm tug. Everything was perfect. Everything was right, so right.

"I made that up," he said.

"Excuse me?" I didn't know what he was talking about.

"The story about me and my girlfriend in college. We never did it in a phone booth."

"You didn't go down on her in a British phone booth?" I'd always liked the image. The red of the booth. The way her skin had looked in the streetlight. He'd describe the situation so divinely, I could have painted a picture.

"No," he said. "Never outside of my fantasies."

I was hovering on the edge, tightrope-walking on the brink. The way he rubbed my clit with the pad of his thumb had me feeling hazy, as if nothing was in clear focus. I wanted to listen to what he was telling me, but I also wanted to come. The two sensations shouldn't have cancelled

each other out, and yet, I kept forcing my hips forward, craving more contact, more pressure.

"It wasn't me in the phone booth..."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I was out one night. Late one night. Insomnia. Walking. And I saw this couple. They were clearly coming from a party—fancy dress, suit on him, sparkly little thing on her. One of those dresses that almost makes the girl look naked."

I saw the image in my mind. On the breeze, I could smell dried grasses, wildflowers. But Van's story was making me think gritty, city, late night, neon.

"I don't know what made me follow them. I wasn't close enough for them to pay me any attention. But they were laughing, excited, obviously jubilant. I stayed back and trailed after. Slowly. I wasn't going anywhere. Why not see what they were up to? It beat not sleeping in my apartment."

He was up to his balls in me. His cock filled me to the hilt. I tightened my legs around him, knowing he loved the way my boots felt.

"They came to this phone booth. Scarlet. With all the little panels of glass. And they went in together. What were they doing? Making a call to someone at three in the morning? That didn't make sense. And then suddenly it did make sense. They weren't phoning a friend. They were fucking in a phone booth! I had a hard-on in a flash, bone-hard like you wouldn't believe. I got as close as I could, and I blended with the shadows and tried my best to see what was going on. But even though I couldn't see clearly, I knew. I knew he was lifting the hem of her naughty little dress and pulling aside her panties. If she had any on. Maybe she'd gone without. Or maybe he'd asked her to take them off at the party. I could only draw the picture for myself..."

Listening to him tell me the story was as much of a turn-on as the way he was working me. Nearly as much, anyway. Van kept raising me up and setting me down on his cock. The booth took on the scent of our lovemaking, the heat and the musk of the two of us, that blend of erotic aromas. I basked in the X-rated feel of the whole situation. Van had his naked cock out, and he was plunging me to my very core. And the whole time, he was explaining the creation of this, his number-





“HE PRESSED MY CLIT SUDDENLY, THEN PINCHED IT WITH PERFECT PRESSURE”

one sex fantasy, the one we were making come true right here. Right now.

“They weren’t in the booth for more than five minutes I’m guessing, but it felt like longer. It felt like forever. This was better than any dirty book I’d ever read, any porn movie I’d ever watched. It was real. Real and happening right before my eyes, as if they knew I was there, as if they were putting on a show for my own pleasure. I stayed in the shadows against a wall, and it was everything I could do not to take out my cock and jerk myself off. I was so hard. I had these visions—getting closer, looking in at them, seeing everything, even shooting my come against the glass. Ultimately, they left, giggling together at what they’d done. I didn’t follow them after that. I went into the booth. I know that sounds strange. But I wanted to...”

“Share it?” I asked. Because that made sense to me. He’d wanted to sort of soak up the sexual atmosphere they’d left behind. He’d wanted to be part of the thrill.

“Yes, exactly. And then, well, I wanted to try it. But I couldn’t get my girlfriend to do that.”

“The one who jerked you off on the Tube?”

His eyes met mine, and I understood. That hadn’t happened either. Just another fantasy, another story.

“Then I met you,” he said, “someone so willing to try anything. Sex in a dressing room. An elevator. You even said a cable car.”

“We didn’t do that.”

“But you were down with trying. At least, considering...”

He pressed my clit suddenly, then pinched it with the perfect pressure, and I moaned. I

was so close. I could practically taste the orgasm hanging right over me like ripe fruit. Then he was pulling out of me, standing me away from him so that I faced the desolate road, the emptiness of nature around us. Who’d thought to put a phone booth here? Had that person, that nameless, faceless city planner ever considered that lovers like us might want to use the booth in this type of way?

Van pulled my skirt to my hips. I was fully exposed to the world. He held me firmly as he thrust his cock back inside me, his beautiful uncut cock. I could feel my inner muscles tightening on him as the first flutters of a remarkable orgasm started deep within me. I pressed my palms to the warm windows and I cried out his name. I was lost and found in our connection, that incendiary power radiating within me. Van didn’t stop fucking me, and he didn’t stop talking.

“This is better,” he said, “better than that night. Better than anything I’ve ever done before. Thank you.”

Then suddenly, Van’s ultimate wish came true. Right when he was driving his cock in me hard enough to make me gasp, a silver cylindrical milk truck drove toward us on that open road. Would the driver see us? Would he know what we were doing? To my delight, he hit the horn. Three long beeps. Van gave him a wave. I nearly dissolved into embarrassed laughter. Van took that opportunity to come—sealing his body to mine and shaking with the raw intensity of his orgasm. I ran a hand in front of my body and pressed two fingers to my clit, spiraling into a

second climax that was even more powerful than the first.

We’d done it! We’d had phone-booth sex.

But then... well, a little voice started to sound plaintively within me. How would we top that? What would we do now? Our entire sexual fantasy life had been based on this one event. It was as if we’d been practicing for years, and we’d achieved the gold medal. What do athletes do when they hit their highest mark?

I pulled my skirt back down. Van opened the door to the booth. We stepped out into that bright sunlight, let the scent of the bay trees and the salt marsh wash over us. What a different experience this was to being in the city. We were out in nature—and the only thing that let us know there was any type of civilization nearby was the proximity of our beloved phone booth. The answer to our fantasies.

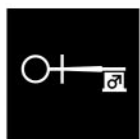
Then I thought: phone booth sex? Check.

It would be fine, I told myself. Maybe we’d return to the phone booth every so often. Perhaps I’d go down on him next time. Who knows? We might try anal...

And then Van surprised me.

“I had a present I wanted to give you on the trip,” he said. “I was going to do this tonight, but now seems like an appropriate time.” He led me back to the car, rummaged through his weekend satchel, pulled out two tickets. Airline tickets. To England.

“I don’t know how many phone booths are left in England,” he said. “But I’m pretty sure you and I will be able to find the perfect one.”



FIRST-EVER THREEWAY

Last Friday night, I went out on the town with my two hunky neighbors. The three of us live in a Spanish-style triplex that is within walking distance from the town center.

We're lucky enough to all get along, and we often spend the weekends attending concerts or movies together. On Friday, we hit our favorite bar to hear a local band play.

The music—a mix of rhythm and blues and old-fashioned rock-and-roll—was the perfect end to a difficult week. We hung at the bar for most of the night, taking occasional turns on the dance floor. As the only girl in the mix, I would shimmy with Tony for one song, then groove with Dan for the next. I could feel heat building between us—but I couldn't tell which man was turning me on more.

Although the three of us have been friends for several years, we'd never hooked up... until that night. I don't know if it was the music, or the wine, or simply the starlight above us as we walked home, but there was an unmistakable sexual vibe as we meandered through the neighborhood together.

When we reached our building, we all stopped and looked at each other. I don't think any of us wanted to go home alone. I made the first move.

"I don't want tonight to end just yet," I said.

The men looked at me expectantly. When I walked toward my door, they followed right behind me. My place is on the ground floor. Tony's is upstairs. Dan is around the back.

That pretty much describes what happened next. Once inside my apartment, I looked from one neighbor to the other, and then I undressed. If things went poorly,

I knew I'd be embarrassed in the morning. But luck was on my side. I'd read the mood correctly. Tony took off his clothes quickly. Dan followed one beat later.

Naked, the three of us came together easily. Tony started by kissing me. He cradled my face in his hands, and he brought his lips to mine. There was such a sweetness in the way he held me, that for one moment I forgot that Dan was there, watching. He reminded me by stepping behind me and holding my hips in his hands. I felt his hard cock moving against my bare ass, and I sighed. Tony pressed against me from the front, and we embraced each other in an upright sandwich for a moment, before I suggested we move the party to the bedroom.

I had a second—the tiniest sliver of time—to think that this was surreal. Dan, my next-door neighbor, and Tony, the man upstairs, were about to enter me. Nothing this exciting had ever happened in my entire life.

He maneuvered himself and eased the head of his cock into my ass. In response to feeling him probe my back hole, my pussy spasmed. I closed my eyes. Tony was over me, as if about to do a push-up, and his cock slid in my copious juices before finding the entrance and ramming in hard.

There we were—three neighbors who were generally separated by sheetrock. Tonight we were separated only by the thinnest barrier. I could guess that Tony was able to feel Dan's cock through me. I'd never been part of a double-penetration before, and I was pleased with the way we moved together, as much in tune as we'd been on the dance floor.

I could feel the climax building, not slow and steady, but hot, fast, and in a rush. Before I could even get out the words of warning, I was coming. I knew my lovers had to be able to tell. My body thrashed between theirs as the waves of pure bliss rocked me.

Dan pulled out and Tony pulled out, and I slid slightly away from them on the mattress. There was this surreal quality to the room. Nobody said a word, and yet, I could almost hear the thoughts as they occurred: *What next? What now? Who next?*

Then Dan was on his stomach and Tony was reaching for the lube. I watched, totally spellbound, as Tony greased up Dan's butt hole. My poor pussy was gripping onto air. It wanted more, something solid, but I couldn't make myself move. Tony got Dan's haunches





up in back, and he played his fingers fiercely around Dan's exposed hole. I sucked in air as Dan sucked in air. I felt as if we were all tied together in some glorious, lust-filled moment.

Then Dan reached for me, positioning me so he could lick my snatch. He seemed to need something else, too. I had no problem being his anchor. He gripped me and licked and lapped at my split. This time, Tony and I were the ones to lock eyes. I held his gaze as he took a breath and then thrust forward. I knew what he was doing. He was fucking Dan's ass. Dan paused long enough for a moan before continuing to feast voraciously on my slicked-up pussy.

This was by far the most erotic experience of my life. I never wanted it to stop, never wanted it to end. Dan's tongue traced dreamy designs around my clitoris. I held on to his shoulders and sighed. I would have thrown my head back against my pillows, would have closed my eyes, if this had been any other night, any other lover. But the fact that Dan was being reamed by Tony's fat cock made me want to remain fully present. I didn't want to miss a trick.

Tony was the one to reach his end first. Still meeting my gaze, he said, "I'm there. I'm going to blow."

Dan responded wordlessly. A half-sigh, half-groan that reverberated within me. That noise, and the vibrations that came with them, took me to my second climax of the evening. This was even more transformative than the first. I cried out, not having to stifle a sound to save myself from alerting the neighbors. My neighbors were seriously alert already.

Dan was the last. He sucked hard on my throbbing clit one last time, then set his head on my thigh and shuddered with the thrill of his orgasm. I could feel the bed shake with the power of his release.

There was a flicker of satisfaction for all of us then. We were still connected, skin on skin. Then Tony withdrew, and Dan pulled

"I'D NEVER BEEN PART OF A DOUBLE PENETRATION BEFORE TONIGHT"

back, and I wrapped a sheet around myself. What do you say after a connection like that? What words can you employ to sum up what's just gone down?

Dan said it best. He said, "Fuck, why did we wait so long to do that?"

Tony laughed and said, "I don't know. But let's do it again soon."

That was last Friday night. I can't wait to see what we get up to this Friday.

-S.R., Portland, Orego

WHEN IN VEGAS

called my wife, Betsy, and asked her to meet me at the airport because I was running late at work.

Passengers were already boarding as I ran up to the line. Walking through the plane, I did not see Betsy at all, so I ended up taking a seat three rows from the back, on the aisle.

As the plane rapidly filled to capacity, there was still no sign of Betsy, who I had assumed would beat me to the airport. Finally, with nearly every seat filled, in pranced my beautiful sexy wife. There was only one vacant seat, a middle seat two rows in front of me on the opposite side of the aisle. As she approached it, a young man in his 20s stood up to allow her through to the middle seat. After a quick glance and a smile at me, Betsy looked up at the guy and thanked him. "My pleasure," I heard him say, as he virtually undressed her with his eyes.

Granted, there wasn't much to remove from my wife's scantily-clad body. You see, our trips to Vegas cause us both to become sexually excited as we contemplate what might happen during the trip. One of the ways Betsy expresses this excitement is by wearing low-cut tops that display her significantly ample cleavage, along with short micro-miniskirts and four-inch heels.

I would be remiss if I did not preface this story by stating that over our 12-year marriage my wife had not resisted the lure of other men, a fact I had only recently been

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“I CONTINUED TO HEAR THE MOANS & GROANS FROM MY WIFE AND HER TWO BOY TOYS”

made aware of—despite my own secret fantasies, which generally involved my wife partaking in sexual activity with strangers. So, ironically, my fantasies were being fulfilled all along—I just didn’t know about it, until recently.

So now, for our 2 hour flight, my wife was perched between two handsome young men, while I sat a couple of rows behind, observing what I could and attempting to eavesdrop on her conversation. But the noise level in the plane was too high, and I could make out nothing but giggles and babble.

Drinks were served, of course, and by the time the plane began to descend, my wife and her friends were all pretty buzzed. I had to wonder what the two guys were thinking about my openly friendly, always flirtatious hot wife. I imagined them running their hands up her inner thighs until they discovered that she was not wearing panties over her completely shaved pussy.

The big question in my mind was whether or not they would make my easily stimulated, multi-orgasmic wife come.

As the passengers exited the plane, Betsy hugged and kissed her two friends as if they had known each other for many years instead of two hours. As the two guys walked out, she and I made our way toward each other.

As we walked through the airport, Betsy

told me that her two new friends—Mike and Larry—had rented a limo for their 2-night stay, and they’d asked if we wanted to ride with them to the casino hotel they were staying at and join them in the lounge for a drink. Betsy’s eyes were beaming as she awaited my response, obviously hoping I would agree. I reminded her that I needed to pick up our rental car but suggested that she go ahead and drive over with the boys; I would meet the three of them at the bar.

We caught up with the two guys at the car rental counter, and after introductions, I watched my wife ride off in the limo before picking up my own rental. There was a little delay due to some mixup with my reservation, and by the time I’d settled the business, drove to the hotel, found a parking place, and got to the lounge, about an hour had passed and the three of them were nowhere to be seen. I figured they were in the casino or something and would eventually come back to check if I’d arrived, so I ordered a drink and got involved in watching an exciting baseball game on the TV. Before I knew it, another hour had gone by. I was now starting to worry a bit, so I texted my wife. After another 20 minutes passed with no response, I figured I’d better call her.

I hardly recognized her voice when she answered because she was breathing heavily.

“Hi hon,” she panted into the phone. “Sorry. Be there in a few, okay?”

Although by the way she sounded I was pretty sure of what she was doing, I asked, “Where are you all, anyway?”

I waited for a response but got none. Then suddenly I heard her say, obviously to somebody else, “That was my husband, wondering where we are!”

This was followed by chuckles from Betsy and her two boy toys. Then a male voice said something I didn’t quite catch. “No,” my wife said, “I didn’t tell him you two were fucking my brains out.” Then there was a pause, followed by, “No, don’t stop! Fuck me hard with that big fat cock! Mike, get over here and fuck my tits.”

It was obvious that my slut wife had neglected to push the “end call” button on her phone. With my cock already stirring in my pants, I got off my bar stool and went into the restroom so I could hear better. Sitting in the privacy of a bathroom stall, I could now make out everything being said by all three of them.

“Harder, harder—oh, yes. I’m coming again, don’t stop. Don’t stop!” my wife screamed. “Fuck me! Oh my god. I have never been fucked like this before. This is incredible! Fuck!”

Holding the phone to my ear, I pulled out my rock-hard cock and started stroking it as I tried to imagine the various positions she was being fucked in.

Then one of the guys yelled out that he was going to come, to which Betsy responded, “Oh, yeah, shoot that cream all over my tits, baby! Oh yeah, ummm...” I

could now envision my wife scooping up the man's load with her fingers and licking it off, something Betsy very much enjoys doing with me. I felt like my cock was going to explode at the mere thought of what was going on on the other end of the line.

Then the other guy demanded, "Okay, babe, get over here and ride my cock again." I then heard a series of moans and gasps as she evidently did what he'd requested.

A moment later the first one, apparently ready to go again already, said, "Betsy, lean forward a bit. Let's see if I can make this work."

"Oh, my god!" Betsy panted. "Yes, yes, fuck me in the ass. Please!"

I felt my cock lurch. In my mind this could only mean one thing: my sweet, little hot wife was being double-penetrated by her two studs, having her ass and her pussy fucked simultaneously. I wished so badly that I could be right there in the room with the three of them watching. I couldn't hold out any longer and shot my load, covering my phone to keep my own sounds from being heard.

I continued to hear moans and groans from my wife and her two boy toys for 15 minutes, interspersed with screams every three or four minutes as my wife orgasmed over and over. Then finally Betsy spoke again, "Hey, guys, try and come at the same time," she panted. That didn't quite work, but I heard their shouts about a minute apart as each of them shot his load inside her.

Then they appeared to be done, and when I heard them saying their good-byes and exchanging phone numbers, I pocketed my phone and went back into the bar. These two guys had obviously made my wife's list of future repeat performers.

Several minutes later Betsy entered the bar alone. From her appearance no one would ever have guessed that she had just been fucked in every imaginable position over the past couple of hours.

What made this event so memorable to me was the fact that I had never heard my wife being so vocal while having sex before. Not even with me! It was such an amazing turn-on to listen to my loving wife becoming such an uninhibited slut.

And this was only the beginning of our weekend. I told you we always had a good time in Vegas!

—C.N., Chicago, Illinois

■ FREEWAY THREEWAY

The cars on the freeway were bumper-to-bumper. We should have known better. Everyone and their moms seemed to have come up with the same idea we had: escape the insufferable city heat and head to the beach for the weekend.

Jack was driving. He had on his shades, and he looked like a fifties movie star in his white t-shirt and jeans. Even on the hottest day of the year, he looked cool. I was sitting in the middle in a sundress that was as sheer as I felt comfortable wearing. Any thread count less, and I would have been nude. Ronny was on my right, and she had gone for the gold. She was already wearing her bikini, with a tiny whisper of a miniskirt for "modesty." That word was always in quotes where Ronny was concerned.

At least the radio gods were smiling on us. Jack kept the tunes playing, casually rotating

the dial when he grew bored with any song. We had hit after summertime hit, an ice chest of sodas in the back, and the smell of heat, asphalt, and Ronny's jasmine-and-orange-petal perfume in the air.

Even with the heavy traffic, our collective mood was light. We were getting out. Fleeing. Sure, we were fleeing at an inch per minute. But at some point, we'd reach the shore and the beach house that Ronny had rented for us for the weekend.

Sometimes all you need is the promise of freedom to set things in motion. A rock-and-roll number came on that lit Ronny up. She grinned at me and said, "This song always makes me want to kiss someone."

"So kiss someone," said Jack.

I was the Someone closest to Ronny. I turned to look at her, expectantly. We'd kissed before. In college we'd been lab partners, but she was the experiment I'd enjoyed the most. Ronny and Jack had hooked up a time or two, as well. Ronny is an adventurous doll, always after a new



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“SHE HOWLED AROUND JACK’S COCK WHEN MY TONGUE TOUCHED HER SPLIT”

experience. Now, on Jack’s suggestion, she wrapped one arm around me, pulled me closer and started to French me.

I could feel Jack watching us. I could feel my pussy getting wet. And I could feel the golden, shimmering summertime heat.

We weren’t in college anymore, but that kiss took me back. I let myself melt into her embrace. That didn’t take any effort at all. The sun made me feel liquefied. Ronny’s sweet mouth was heavenly on mine. But she made me want more. Apparently, she made Jack want more, as well.

“I’m feeling a little left out,” he teased. I took that for what it was, and I turned to face him. I’d always had a crush on Jack, but I’d never acted on the desire. With our

car trapped in traffic and no place to go, I went for adventure. I kissed Jack firmly, fiercely, running one hand over his strong pecs through the white t-shirt, growing slowly accustomed to his kissing style. Different people kiss different ways. Jack’s kiss was seductively simple, at first. Lips pressed to mine, then parted, slowly. Then our tongues met. Ronny was stroking me from behind, her hands sliding up under the hem of my short, flirty dress, her fingers dancing over my skin. I wasn’t wearing a bra beneath the sundress. Ronny let her hands slide around my body, so that she was stroking my naked breasts, pinching my nipples.

When Jack and I parted for air, the traffic was still at a full stop. But I was just getting started. I ran one hand over Jack’s hard-on, and he leaned against the seat and sighed. Ronny was getting more aggressive, her hands moving to the waistband of my panties, tugging, pulling them down. I wriggled a little, to help her, and then I popped the buttons on Jack’s jeans.

I waited for a second to see if he would tell me no. If he would point out that we were, in fact, surrounded by a sea of cars. Anyone could figure out what we were doing. But I should have known better than to worry. Jack’s a daring guy. I’m sure my full lips weren’t the first to close around his cockhead in a car.

So that’s what I did. I started to blow him, dipping down on the seat to get comfortable,

savoring the sweetness of his dick in my mouth. Ronny took advantage of my new position to flip my dress up in the back and start petting my pussy. I was bookended by my two best friends, and as close to fucking in public as I’d ever been before.

Heat does strange things to people.

I imagined that the drivers in the cars around us were watching. Maybe they were. Maybe they weren’t. But the fact that they could have been ramped up my arousal. Our vehicle wasn’t going anywhere, but my erotic engine was revving.

Ronny stroked my pussy in a rhythm that had me panting, but I remained focused on Jack’s cock. He had one hand twined in my hair, and he was murmuring encouragement to me as I worked him. “Oh, fuck. Oh, yeah. That feels so good, Daisy.”

What felt really good was Ronny’s hand on my split. I was almost to my limits, holding myself in check until Ronny suddenly pinched my clit between her thumb and pointer, and I saw silver stars in my head. It took an effort not to simply lie there, panting, but Jack was counting on me. I channeled every bit of my erotic energy into the blowjob, and Jack whispered, “Your mouth is so sublime.”

“What about my mouth?” Ronny asked. I pulled up then, and I looked at her. She still had her fingers in my pussy, but as I watched, she withdrew her hand. Jack and I both stared as she licked her glistening fingertips clean. “What about my mouth?” she repeated.

The two of us switched positions. Jack looked transported. Suddenly, Ronny was taking over from me, bestowing upon him a perfect blowjob, while her ass was right next to me. I unsnapped her tiny micro mini and pulled the skirt free. Beneath, she was wearing a thong. I should have guessed. I slid the itty-bitty bottoms out of the way, and I began to stroke her pussy.

The heat was playing tricks on me. Everything spun in my vision. Ronny’s silky skin shone as if she’d been dipped in liquid gold. Jack’s white shirt was blinding. I was surrounded by heat.

I wiggled myself lower in the seat so that I was practically in the footwell. Then I started to lick Ronny’s drenched pussy. She howled around Jack’s cock when my tongue touched her split. Then she resumed her expert work, and I resumed mine.



When Jack came, he was almost entirely silent. I knew he'd climaxed by the swallowing and humming sounds Ronny made. She didn't move from his lap, though. She let me bring her to her own climax.

It was as if she couldn't be contained after that. She took off her bra top and threw her head back and howled like a wolf. Jack and I laughed at her exuberance.

Modesty be damned!

But then the cars began to move. Ronny put her clothes back on. I fumbled for my underwear. The three of us looked mostly presentable as we drove the rest of the way to our vacation spot. Mostly, I say, because we each sported wicked grins and ruffled hair. And that glow. That hot, fuck-happy summertime glow. We had that.

Our three-way on the freeway set the mood for the entire erotic weekend getaway. The fireworks over the water were like tiny match sparks compared to the explosions we created in the bungalow.

—D.R., Greensboro, North Carolina

THE PERFECT PRESENT

Chuck was crooning "Happy Birthday" to me in a singsong voice, sounding pleased with himself.

Chuck quieted before long, but I kept my eyes covered as he'd asked me to do. Finally, he said, "You can look now, baby."

I opened my eyes and blinked. Standing there with a big bow stuck to his chest was a naked man. An aroused and handsome naked man.

"I... um..." I blinked again but already my stomach was tumbling with excitement. I thought I knew what was going on.

"You had this on your fantasy list. I met Benjamin at the gym. We were chatting, and I let slip your fantasy about inviting another man into our bed."

"And...?"

"And Benjamin is not averse to the idea, as you can see." While I watched, Chuck reached down and trailed a thick finger along the length of Benjamin's prominent hard-on.

I swallowed, but my throat felt full of cotton. I was shocked silent.



"Is this an acceptable gift?" Chuck asked. All I could manage was a nod.

Benjamin stepped toward me and grinned. "I know the bow doesn't help the situation. But nice to meet you." He put out his hand, and I took it. When he raised my knuckles to his lips and kissed them, heat flooded from my cheeks down to my belly.

I squirmed in my chair. I was dressed for dinner. I'd anticipated an outing. But here we were. Home. The three of us.

"It's all up to you. How you want to do it. So, you tell me. And should I pour wine now or after?"

"After," I said. Because now I had my gift, and I wanted to unwrap it.

"Tell us what to do," Benjamin said.

"I want you between us," I managed to utter. "In the bedroom."

"That's fairly straightforward," Chuck said with a nod. "I think your wish can be easily arranged."

We went down the hallway: Chuck leading, me in the middle, and Benjamin bringing up the rear. I'd always wanted to share a man with my husband. And the thought of watching him fuck Benjamin while Benjamin fucked me made me lightheaded.

In the bedroom, the two of them undressed me in tandem. Chuck kissed my mouth every few seconds, and Benjamin dropped kisses on various bits of my skin: my shoulder, my nape, the side swell of my breast, and finally, he sucked one of my nipples into his hot mouth and raked it with his teeth. The act caused me to expel every bit of air from my lungs.

He wasn't shy. He reached between my thighs and stroked me with unfamiliar fingers as Chuck watched.

"Wet?" my husband asked.

"Very," said Benjamin.

I blushed, but there was no need. Chuck pushed me back onto the bed and spread my legs. I expected him to go down on me, but instead he stepped back and gestured toward me as if presenting Benjamin with a gift. Benjamin smiled and moved forward. He hovered over me, studying me, his hot breath stirring the fine hair on my skin. When I thought I was about to lose my mind, he put his mouth on me, sucking and nudging my clit until I was squirming with pleasure.

Benjamin pushed three fingers into my cunt and pressed my G-spot until my limbs felt boneless. Over his shoulder, I could see Chuck rolling on a condom and squirting lube onto his fingers. He kept eye contact with me as he worked his fingers into Benjamin's ass. He did it slowly, his face a mask of concentration.

Benjamin sucked in a breath, his mouth stuttering in its rhythm for a moment. Then he was back to delivering long, slow licks to my clit as my husband finger-fucked him. I saw that Chuck was moving faster, thrusting his fingers into Benjamin—fucking him the way he would with his cock. That thought coupled with Benjamin's sucks and flicks made me come. I cried out to the bedroom ceiling like it was a witness.

Chuck handed a condom to Benjamin. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, snagged the condom and smiled at me.

"Fuck her," my husband said.

A shiver ran down my spine from my scalp to my tailbone. The sensation shook me to the core. I'd fantasized about this so many times and here it was. Happening.

Benjamin sat back and rolled on the condom. His cock was hard and straight like a divining rod. With his eyes on me, Chuck bent to bite Benjamin on the shoulder. The other man gasped, and his cock jerked in his

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↘ THREE-FOR-ALL

hand. I shut my eyes because looking at that moment was too much for me.

I'd confessed all my wonderful filthy fantasies to my husband one night after many glasses of wine. Chuck had seen fit to make them happen. Not only was I turned on; I was bursting with love for him.

Benjamin whispered, "Ready?" Giving me time to reconsider or back out. I wanted to do neither.

I tugged his hips, moving him between my thighs, and his cock pressed to my hole. He drove into me slowly in a controlled thrust that kept me on edge. When he was seated deep, he stilled, watching me.

I felt Chuck move up to Benjamin, felt the slow pressing and then the final thrust of entry. He balanced his hands on Benjamin's shoulder and watched my face. He was in.

"I SPREAD MY LEGS & FINGERED MY TENDER CLIT UNTIL I THOUGHT I'D BURST"

He was in Benjamin's ass; Benjamin was in me. And when Chuck began to move—fucking Benjamin—Benjamin began to move, fucking me.

It was a perfectly timed dance as if we'd been here before. Every time Chuck thrust, Benjamin pushed into me. I touched my husband with one hand, the newcomer with the other. I held on, moving up and taking his cock as deep as I could as my orgasm surged. I gazed at Chuck moving, imagining what I could not see.

When I came, Benjamin pressed a kiss to my lips, sucking up my cries. Neither of them had climaxed yet, and I lay there, shivery and overwhelmed.

Chuck stopped moving. "Come here. Watch this. Touch yourself. I know this is a



big part of what you wanted."

To see him fucking another guy. To see a man taking his cock.

I moved out from under Benjamin as he got on his hands and knees. He pulled off his condom and jerked his rock-hard cock with one big hand. His head was bowed, his hair hanging slightly in his eyes. I moved so that I could see Chuck's dick moving in and out of Benjamin's back hole. I spread my legs, fingering my tender clit until I thought I'd burst apart. Chuck moved rhythmically and steadily inside Benjamin. He gripped his ass, spreading his cheeks to that I could see every movement. Every entry, every withdrawal.

I pushed two fingers into my pussy and pressed against my most sensitive places. I was going to come again. There was no

doubt about it. The pleasure was building.

When Benjamin tilted his head back and cried out, coming in a long arc across the blue bedspread, I held my breath. Chuck trembled and pulled free. He tore his condom off, fisted his cock roughly, and groaned loud and long as he shot his load all over Benjamin's ass. I came with him, biting my lip and adding a spark of pain to my pleasure.

I was breathless. Tired. Totally happy.

Benjamin turned to me and brushed a fingertip across my bangs. "Can I be forward and ask for that wine now?"

Chuck laughed softly and planted a kiss on my lips. "I think there's wine enough for everyone. We still have some birthday celebrating to do."

—P.E., San Francisco, California

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STEPPING OUT



TODAY'S SPECIAL

Every time the bells rang, I looked anxiously toward the door. Customer. Customer. Customer. But no Johnny.

"What's good today, Mel?" The patrons would ask, and I'd point to the chalkboard that featured the specials. There were blueberry-buttermilk pancakes, a mango-papaya smoothie, and a fresh-garden omelette. As usual, I took orders at the cash register, ringing up each customer and making small talk, and all the while I kept checking the front door.

Johnny was my favorite customer. A local cartoonist, he came in every weekend, sat at a corner table and drew sketches in his notebook. Every so often, he'd slip a sketch into the tip jar for me, sometimes gifting me with pictures of me as a super hero,

sometimes caricatures of unfriendly patrons—skewering the rude people perfectly. He didn't seem to mind my wedding band; he flirted with me anyway.

I loved Johnny's wit, and I also loved his jet-black hair, the relaxed style he favored—old jeans, plaid shirts, boots that looked as if they actually got a workout. There was nothing hipster about him. He was simply Johnny, who always pulled crisp bills from his battered leather wallet, who always made sure to touch my hand when passing me the cash for his meal. His touch never failed to send sparks shooting through my body.

I'd wanted him to proposition me. I'd done my part to let him know I was interested. Now, I'd decided to take matters into my own hands. If I couldn't let my voice do the talking, I'd let the menu speak for me.

Finally, he walked in the door, and I quickly leaned up on my toes and erased parts of the cursive writing that spelled out the Sunday

specials. He stood in front of the counter, as always, and he gazed up to see what items would delight him. I waited while he read each one. I felt as if I would jump out of my skin if he didn't read faster. When he got to the bottom, he looked at me, confused.

"Garden-fresh Mel?"

I licked my bottom lip and waited.

"That sounds tempting," he said.

"I've only received the best compliments," I assured him. I felt how fast my heart was beating. It seemed almost as if we were the only two people in the place. I knew the cooks were working in the kitchen behind me, knew that the customers were drinking their coffees and enjoying their brunches. But all that mattered was what Johnny would say next.

He leaned across the counter, getting as close as possible to me, and he said, "That's what I'll order."

"On the house," I said, and then I gave him a number and told him to meet me out back in the parking lot. I went to my boss and said I was taking my break, then I headed around the side of the building where Johnny stood, holding number 5.

"Mel," he said, and he was looking me up and down as I came toward him.

"Your order's up," I told him, pleased with the way he watched me. I had on a crisp white shirt and black miniskirt under a white apron, same as always. But I felt different today, because I knew something good was about to happen.

"What's got into you?" he asked, but I could tell he liked it.

"You always come in on Sunday mornings," I said, "and you always order off the board. I decided I'd be the special of the day. I simply erased the 'et' and the 'o.'"

"Let's put the 'O' back in the lineup," he said, and he led me to his car right there in the parking lot. I knew I only had 20 minutes, but I decided to make those minutes count. I slid my white panties off from under my short flirty skirt and waited while Johnny pushed his seat back. He undid his jeans and opened the fly. I reached in to feel him and was gratified to discover that he was already hard.

I shook my head and then positioned myself so that I could slide down his dick. I think we both held our breath for a moment, each of us thrilled that we'd reached this point. Then I lowered myself onto his pole



and we both sighed together. The sensation was almost surreal. After months of thinking about what fucking him would feel like—after endless nights of masturbating to fantasies of Johnny fucking me—I finally was experiencing the real thing. He brought his hands up and started to palm my tits through my blouse. I quickly undid the buttons so he could caress me through my bra.

Johnny groaned as I ground my hips in slow circles. He was hitting me in all the right places, and I gripped his shoulders for purchase. At first, I moved in a sensual manner. Slow and steady wins the race, they say. But then I couldn't help myself. I had to move faster, to grind harder, to get exactly what I wanted from him. He had the most perfect dick. I loved the way he felt inside me. I banged up and down on his cock, trying not to cry out. I was pretty sure we were hidden off in the corner. But if I started screaming, someone might come running. Johnny seemed to understand. He brought one hand up and let me lick his fingertips, let me suck them between my lips, keeping my mouth busy.

When I was right on the cusp, Johnny took his fingers back so he could pinch both my nipples. He served up the perfect "O," leaving me breathless and shaking as the ripples of pure white-hot pleasure crashed through me. I felt lit up, doused in desire. Johnny continued to raise his hips up off the seat, pushing me higher and higher as he strove to reach his own finish line. He thrust his thumb right against my clit and spiraled me into another body-shaking orgasm. I tossed

"I ONLY HAD TWENTY MINUTES BUT I DECIDED TO MAKE THOSE MINUTES COUNT"

my head back and bit my fist as the climax fluttered through me. Then he was pulling out and coming on my thighs, grunting with effort.

I slid over into the driver's seat, and he reached in the back and grabbed a folded t-shirt from a stack. "Luckily, I do my laundry on Sunday mornings," he said as he wiped me dry. I let the skirt fall back in place and waited for my heart to slow to normal.

"That's worked up a pretty spectacular appetite," he said.

"We have some specials today," I told him as I leaned in for another kiss.

"Garden-fresh omelette, right?" he asked.

"With a side order of Mel," I said as I gave him a wink.

With customers this hot, I might never quit my job—no matter how much my husband makes.

—M.M., Via E-Mail

HAPPY ENDING

Last spring I wrenched my back playing football with my buddies. I should have known better than to try to act like a high school quarterback at the age of 39.

My doctor advised me to take it easy for a few days, and try to get some sort of massage therapy or to see a chiropractor. As it happened, my neighbor had a friend named Joy who was studying to be a massage therapist, and I called her to schedule a series of sessions.

We arranged an afternoon appointment, since my wife would be at work and most of Joy's classes would be over for the day. I didn't know how to dress for the session, so I just put on a pair of swim trunks.

Joy arrived promptly. I had met her before but had not paid her much attention, thinking of her only as a friend of my neighbor. Now I noticed that she was a rather attractive girl, about five feet three, with shoulder-length brown hair, a full round face with a smattering of freckles and a very well developed body. But I quickly put those thoughts out of my mind as we got down to business.

First, Joy put down a rubber exercise mat on the living room floor. She began by skillfully working on my back and legs, relaxing me and easing some of the aches I'd been feeling. As she was telling me to roll over, her cell phone rang, and she stepped away to answer it. As I turned over I realized that I had a hard-on, and what was worse,

STEPPING OUT

that Joy couldn't help but notice the bulge in my trunks.

When Joy came back she knelt behind me, lifting my head and sliding her legs under me so that my head rested in her lap as she worked on my neck and shoulders. Glancing up, I had a great view of her braless tits inside her cutoff T-shirt. My cock throbbed, and I knew she saw it. Her nipples got hard and pushed against her shirt. This made my cock pulse again, and her breathing seemed to quicken a little. The tension was becoming oppressive, until finally Joy spoke. "You know, it's a natural thing for a person to get aroused by being massaged," she told me. "It's nothing to be ashamed of. Massage is a natural type of foreplay, and it can create its own type of tension, if you know what I mean." I groaned and said that I certainly did.

Then, to my very pleasant surprise, Joy offered to give me a "complete massage session," if that was what I wanted. I could only nod, hoping fervently that she meant what I thought she meant. Without hesitation, she lifted her T-shirt over her head, and her healthy tits bobbed freely above my face. I groaned again as my cock strained painfully

in my trunks. Then she leaned forward and rested her hand on my crotch. Her full breasts were pressed against my cheeks, and I turned my head to capture a stiff nipple between my teeth. This time it was Joy who groaned as she rubbed my cock through my shorts.

"Maybe I should take care of this," she said, squeezing my dick. She laid my head carefully on the mat as she rose and slid her shorts off, revealing a nicely trimmed pussy with puffy, pouty lips, already glistening with moisture. When she was naked she knelt down to slide my trunks off. My hard cock sprang up, precome oozing from the tip.

With a low growl, Joy gripped my cock with one hand and hungrily engulfed it with her mouth, swirling her tongue in quick circles around the head. When she came up for air, I was surprised at how gorgeous she looked when she was in heat. Without pausing, she straddled my hips and slowly sank down on me, her eyes glazing over as my cock penetrated her snug pussy. Damn, she was tight! And warm and wet. She felt so good that I knew I couldn't last long enough to make her come with just my cock,

"SHE STRADDLED MY HIPS AND SLOWLY SANK DOWN ONTO MY COCK"

so I reached down and started rubbing her clit. She grunted and moaned with each downward plunge onto my shaft.

Just as my pent-up seed erupted into her writhing body, she stiffened, shuddered and let out a wail as she came also, her body slamming down to take my cock fully inside her as she received my offering. Then she collapsed on top of me, and I gently stroked her head as my cock slipped from her sweet, come-filled cunt.

Joy is still giving me treatments almost every day. My recovery is complete now, but she comes around anyway, just so she can continue to eliminate every bit of stiffness from my body.

—S.B., Macon, Georgia

INTERRUPTED

I was 19 when I married Ralph. He was the first man I'd ever been with and very different from the guys I used to date. At 28, he was a successful businessman and very handsome as well. We married a year after we first met, and the following year I had Jason, my first child.

As the years went by Ralph got even more successful, but he began paying less and less attention to me, and was gone a lot, so I became a typical bored housewife. I'm certain Ralph had affairs, but for him sex never seemed very important, so I doubt that any of them meant much to him.

My needs and desires were different, however. I have fucked a lot of men during my marriage, including some from our circle



of friends, but mostly from outside—golf pros, my tennis coach, my masseur, a few gardeners, a personal trainer, and a couple of pool guys. I've even had a few threesomes that were quite fun.

I had long had a desire to learn the piano, so one day I started taking lessons with an instructor named Bruce. He was young, attractive, and seemingly gay. He was a good instructor, however, and I enjoyed the game of trying to tempt him. I would wear sexy cocktail dresses, stockings and garter ensembles, and low-cut tops and blouses. I could tell I was having an effect on him, so I figured he wasn't completely gay—maybe just bisexual.

One day I wore a sexy black minidress and black thigh-high stockings, along with black mesh panties. I could see within minutes that Bruce had a lump in his pants, but he didn't take any action. That changed, however, when I dropped some sheet music on the floor, and allowed my skirt to ride up as I retrieved it. My hand slid up his leg on my way back up, and that's when it happened. Almost before I realized it, I was lying across the piano bench with my panties dangling from one foot, my skirt at my waist and Bruce's face buried between my nylon-clad thighs. He ate my pussy very well, which surprised me, and brought me to a breathless climax.

I had no sooner recovered and sat up than he was between my legs again. I hadn't even realized that his pants were down, but now his rigid cock was sliding up and down my slit as he got ready to penetrate me. But I stopped him and told him to get a condom, and as he did so, I positioned myself on my hands and knees on the bench.

Bruce now got behind me and slammed himself home. I cried out with passion and gripped the bench as he began to pound me. I hung my head for a moment, panting hard, and when I looked up I saw Tom, my 18-year-old son's best friend, standing in the doorway of the music room. I didn't know how long he had been there, but his face showed no emotion as he watched.

I stiffened in shock and gave a startled gasp. Bruce heard me and looked up to see what had caught my attention. "Oh shit!" he exclaimed, then yanked his cock out of my gaping hole and started to fumble for his clothes in order to dress.

As Bruce made a quick exit, I held Tom's gaze. "I was looking for Jason," he said, almost as if in a daze. "But I guess he's not here."

"Look—don't tell anyone about this, okay?" I said, but he looked so taken aback that I wasn't sure my words had registered.

"I have to go," he mumbled, but he didn't move. His eyes were glued to my half-naked body, and it gave me an idea. I was horny and frustrated anyway, because of what had happened with Bruce, and Tom wasn't a bad-looking guy.

"I don't want you to say anything about this, Tom," I said again. "Maybe we can work something out."

He heard that all right. His eyes went wide, and he caught his breath. Then he began to move toward me. I stayed as I was. When he reached me, his hands went to my shoulders, and then slid down to my chest, beneath my dress. He clasped my tits with his fingers, and I moaned at the sensation, but the sound was muted by Tom's mouth covering mine. His crotch pressed against my thigh, and his rigid hard-on was unmistakable.

He quickly pushed my dress down and practically ripped off my bra, at the same time driving his tongue in and out of my mouth. He then moved his head down to my chest to attack my nipples. He licked them until they dripped with saliva, then sucked them till they

were fully erect. I heard myself whimpering with lust. He stroked my lips with his middle finger, then slipped it inside, and I sucked at it as though it was his cock.

Tom yanked my skirt back up to my waist as he continued to suck my sensitive nipples. His free hand went between my legs to cup my cunt, massaging it eagerly. I arched toward his hand as his finger slid along my wet slit, toying with my pussy lips.

Tom knelt on the floor then, kissing his way down my stomach. His lips grazed my mound, and he inhaled the scent of my wet cunt before pressing his mouth to my slit. Then he pulled down my panties, and his mouth latched onto my core. His fingers opened me up, pushing my lips apart until my clitoris emerged. Electricity shot through me, and I cried out with joy as his tongue lapped at my button. For such a young man, he was surprisingly adept at eating pussy. He brought me to a series of orgasms before he moved back up, face wet with my juices, and we kissed. I thrilled at the taste of my own honey. His hand was back between my legs, and he had at least three fingers thrusting in and out of me, keeping me aroused.

"Now it's time for you to suck me," he said, and I didn't resist as he pushed me down on my knees and dropped his pants. I moaned with anticipation as I saw his thick, hard cock. I brought my head forward and began by



STEPPING OUT

“I ARCHED TOWARD HIS HAND AS HIS FINGER SLID ALONG MY SLIT”

licking it from base to tip. I kissed the head of his shaft, then engulfed him with my mouth.

It didn't take Tom long to squirt his come down my throat. His sperm was salty and sweet, and I swallowed every last drop. It gave me a warm feeling in my belly, and I kept sucking furiously, not letting him soften. But after a minute he grabbed me and positioned me on my hands and knees, then got behind me and rammed his hard cock into me with an urgency that made me almost shout with the abruptness of his rough penetration. He then held on to my hips and drilled me for several minutes. I couldn't get enough of his cock, and I stiffened and came not once, but twice, before I felt him groan and shoot his hot load inside me.

Finally, he got dressed and left, leaving me lying on the floor with his semen trickling out of my freshly fucked hole. But I doubted that this would be the only time Tom would screw me, and I was right. Since then, he has fucked me in every room of my house, including the bedroom and the bed I share with my husband. Oh, and Bruce has come back for more, too. Among others. Ralph knows nothing about any of them, and if he did I doubt that he would care.

—Y.S., Wheeling, West Virginia

CHEATERS PROSPER

I'm not the cheating type, but my willpower was weak at the time that this attraction began. The wife was out of town when her friend Sue—four feet eleven inches, with black hair—came to visit her. She is 20 years old, with a 35-23-34 body of 100 pounds.

When Sue came by, she was wearing a white one-piece bathing suit that really showed off her tan. She was going to leave, but I gave her a drink in the hope she would stay. I felt horny and wanted her little ass. I invited her to watch TV with me. I set up the video recorder so it would play *The Story of O*. She wanted another drink. So I fixed her a double.

I said to myself, “Why not try?” and sat right next to Sue. My hands roamed to her

suit and skin without any problems as she relaxed. She was hot, and the crotch of her suit was wet. I probed her love-box with my fingers. She pulled away and rose to her feet. She then removed her suit and pulled out my 8-inch hard rod. As she did this, my hands pulled her to my lap. She knelt above my waiting cock. She spread her legs as I sucked her tits, being a little rougher than normal. My rod parted her lips slowly but surely. It inched its way through the tightest cunt I'd ever had. She tightened up, and she bucked with pleasure as my load fired up in her.

I wanted more, but Sue needed more incentive. I started rubbing her slit. As she moaned, my middle finger eased some of our combined juices onto her anal opening. She wriggled delightedly.

We rolled to our knees. I bent her over the couch and slipped my cock in Sue's pussy from behind her. Soon I was pumping slowly, and her juices were flowing again. I eased my finger into her ass and only heard a low, throaty moan. After priming her with my digit, I pulled out of her cunt and pressed my dick against her virgin asshole. I advanced slowly and gradually, giving her plenty of time to get used to the sensation of having a dick back there. She moaned softly and bucked back against me, encouraging me to fuck her hole.

Sue completely relaxed, and I sank my rod inside her. She rocked to and fro as she cried for all of my dick. Pumping hard, I gave her every bit of it.

Since that day, Sue and I have been getting together whenever we can. She discovered she loves to have her back door entered, and I love doing it.

—Name and address withheld

PLAYING WITH FIRE

My old high school buddy Don recently got married to a sexy little blonde named Tina, and they moved to another state. About three months later, the company I work for sent me to the city where they now live to attend a business conference. Don was thrilled to hear that I was coming and invited me to stay at their place.

Instead of leaving on Sunday evening for



my Monday morning conference, I left on Friday, so we would have the entire weekend to spend together. I arrived at their house a few hours before Don got off work and was impressed not only by the nice neighborhood, but by the big home the two of them lived in.

There was no answer when I rang the doorbell, so I walked around behind the house, where they had a patio and a swimming pool. As I got to the corner of the house I heard a high-pitched giggle, along with a male laugh. Keeping myself hidden as well as I could, I peeked around the house and was shocked to see Don's wife on her knees on a beach towel beside the pool, sucking the cock of a young man who, I later found out, was the son of their next-door neighbors.

"That's it, Tina, suck it!" the young guy grunted, as he held her head in place by her long blonde hair. "Get that come out of my balls!"

My first thought was to break it up; after all, this was the wife of one of my best friends. But instead I stood frozen as I watched that horny youth pull out of her mouth, then heard him order her to open her mouth and stick out her tongue which she obediently did.

At that point my dick was hard as a rock, and my legs were shaking. The guy then proceeded to jack off only inches from Tina's beautiful face, and I watched transfixed as a thick white stream of semen spurted straight into her mouth. She swallowed it, and then opened her mouth just in time for another jet to land on her tongue.

"That's it, baby, eat it! Swallow my load!" he growled as he continued to shoot into her mouth.

"Mmm, I love sucking your dick, Roger. Your come is so yummy!" Tina cooed when he stopped shooting. She then licked up and down his impressive shaft until it glistened with her saliva. His penis remained rock-solid as she nibbled and sucked on it, rubbing it all over her face.

At that point I recalled Don telling me once that the only complaint he had about his wife was that she wouldn't let him go down on her and simply refused to suck his dick. Well, she clearly hadn't had a problem devouring their young neighbor's 9-inch prick!



"You want me to fuck you senseless, don't you, you horny little slut?" the guy said as he looked down at her.

"God, yes!" she groaned. "I want you to give it to me! I want every inch of it inside me!" She then turned around on the towel and raised her ass toward him. He mounted her, and I heard the air leave her lungs as he forcefully thrust his entire cock inside her. As he began to fuck her, I could hear the sound of his balls slapping up against her clit. He fucked her for at least 10 minutes, and I witnessed her coming at least twice before he gave a loud bellow and filled her with his load.

When he pulled out of her, thick gobs of semen oozed out of her gaping vagina. "Get around here and clean off my dick, lady!" he commanded. Tina turned around, took his penis into her mouth and again licked and sucked it with lust-filled adoration. At that point I went back around to the front of the house, where I sat on the porch until I heard Tina moving around inside. I rang the doorbell again, and this time Tina answered, wearing a thin, almost transparent silk robe with only a G-string under it. She took me into the living room, and as we talked she seemed to enjoy teasing me with her barely dressed body. After a while she excused herself to change, but not before bending over to give me a bird's-eye view of her luscious ass. I pretended not to notice, but I was pretty sure she noticed the sizeable bulge in my pants. She winked at me as she strutted out of the room.

She returned, dressed in more conservative attire, just as Don got home. We sat around shooting the shit for a while, and then decided to go out for dinner.

We ate at an elegant Italian restaurant, then went to a local club to have a few drinks. Every time I looked at Tina, all I could think about was that young stud blasting an enormous load into her mouth, then following it up by fucking her silly.

Pretty soon Tina began badgering Don to dance with her. He said he was too tired, then looked over at me pleadingly. "Help me out here, old buddy, and dance with Tina, would you please?" he asked. Well, what could I do? I stood up, and she took me by the hand and led me to the far end of the dance floor. As we danced I took in the erotic sight of her grapefruit-sized tits bouncing up and down.

"Why hasn't some woman laid claim to you?" Tina asked. "You're handsome and obviously well hung," she added, looking down at the bulge in my pants. I replied that I hadn't met the right woman. With that she pulled me closer, rubbing her breasts against me. She took my hands in hers and placed them on the cheeks of her ass, then rose on tiptoe and wrapped her arms around my neck. I looked down at her, shocked by her aggressive behavior. She smiled at me. "It's just a dance," she whispered. And she didn't object when I slowly massaged her buttocks.

My cock was pressed tightly against her tummy now, and she reached between us

STEPPING OUT



“I OPENED MY EYES TO SEE TINA LOVINGLY SUCKING MY COCK”

straddled me, wrapping her fingers around my rigid shaft and stroking it. “I’ve got to feel your cock inside me now!” she groaned as she lowered herself onto my dick. I grabbed her ass cheeks and spread them obscenely as her slick sheath swallowed every inch of my cock. “Mmm, yeah,” she muttered as she began to ride my shaft.

As Tina fucked me, I worked the middle finger of my right hand into her anal entrance. I pushed it in past the second knuckle, then twisted it around, feeling my dick sliding in and out of her pussy through the thin layer of flesh that separated the two orifices. “Oh, fuck!” she squealed, then cried out with pleasure as her pussy convulsed around my cock and an orgasm overtook her. I felt the come boiling up in my balls as she ground down on me, and she bellowed again as I spewed my jism into her. Then she collapsed with my dick still inside her.

She finally rolled off me, and we lay together, panting. “I saw you watching me and Roger today,” she told me when we had recovered our breath. “And I got so hot, knowing you were there. And it makes me even hotter that Don doesn’t know.”

I wasn’t sure how I felt about that, but I knew one thing—I was not going to be able to stop myself from taking this beautiful passionate woman every chance I got. We fucked once more that night, and once in the shower the next morning.

Tina went with me to the airport at the end of my stay. On the drive, she treated me to another sexy blowjob.

I’m looking forward to my next visit!

—Name and address withheld

to massage it through my pants, smiling again as she looked up at me. “Mmm, just as I thought, a nice thick one,” she murmured seductively. It took all my restraint to keep from dragging her into a dark corner and fucking the living shit out of her. Instead, I pulled away and told her we’d better get back to our booth, where Don was blissfully unaware of our activities.

We finally left the club, but after we got home we continued to drink and talk about old times until Don fell asleep. I remembered then that he never could handle his booze. I helped Tina put him to bed, and then I excused myself for the night.

The guest room was right across the hall from their bathroom, and I deliberately left the door partway open. After a while, as I lay in bed, I saw Tina go into the bathroom, leaving that door open as well. I then watched as my friend’s gorgeous wife undressed and climbed into the shower. I knew she knew I could see her. After she came out of the shower, I watched her towel off, and then strut naked through the hallway back to her bedroom.

I was lying on my back, slowly stroking my dick and thinking about Tina, when I heard movement out in the hall once again. I

removed my hand from my cock, but before I could cover myself, I saw a shadowy figure standing in my doorway. I closed my eyes and pretended to be sleeping. A moment later, there was movement at the foot of the bed, and I suddenly felt a light, feather-like sensation along the base of my dick, and then what could only be a hot tongue slithering up the underside. And then the crown of my tool was engulfed by a satiny-smooth pair of lips. I opened my eyes to see Tina lovingly sucking my cock.

“I want you to come in my mouth,” she panted, raising her head for a moment. “You’ve got a such a delicious dick!” She then resumed bobbing her head up and down. When she stopped again, she sucked my left testicle into her mouth and swirled her tongue all around it before releasing it from between her lips, only to capture my right and give it the same attention. When she once again took my dick deep into her mouth, I knew I couldn’t hold out much longer. She was bringing me indescribable pleasure as I filled her mouth with my load.

Just like the young guy I had seen her service earlier that afternoon, my dick remained rock-solid with lust even after that incredible blowjob. Tina moved up and

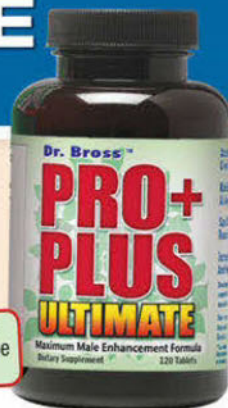
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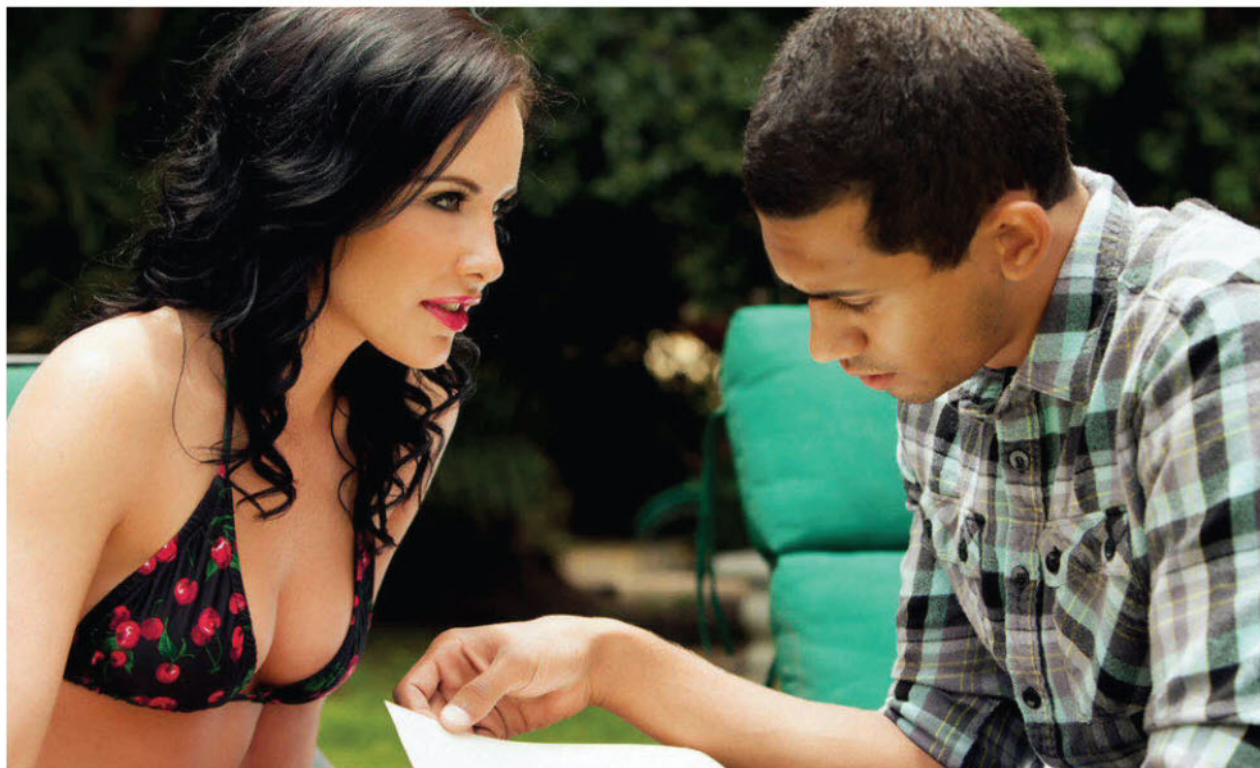
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HOT FOR TEACHER

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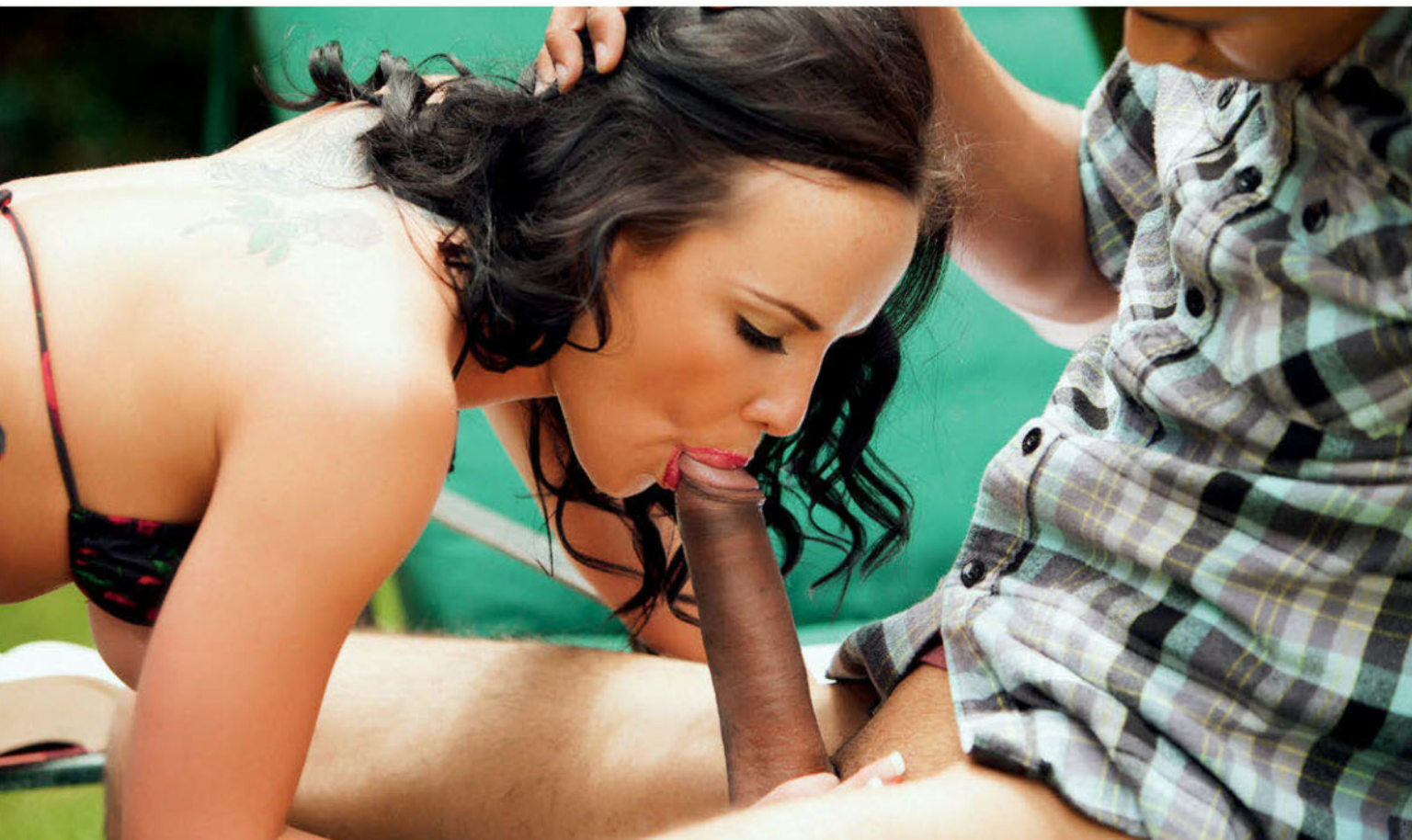


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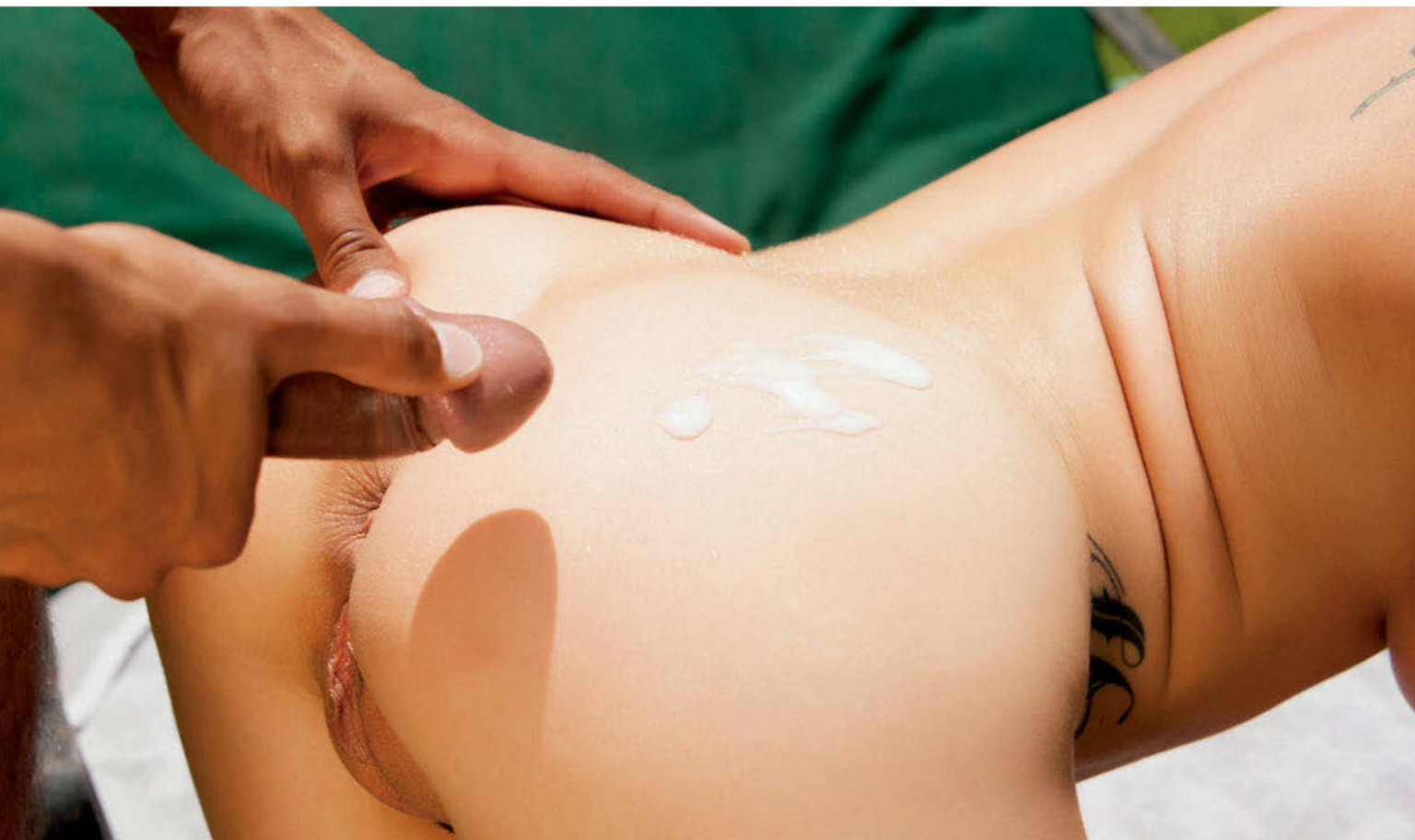
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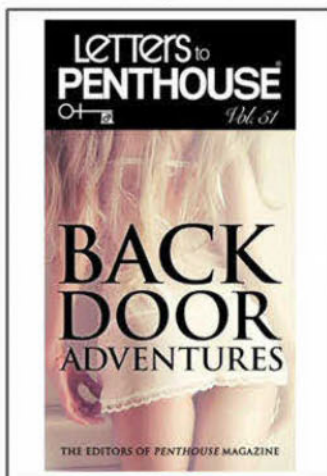
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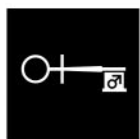
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▷ BOOTY TIME

■ LUCKY FORTUNE

You know that game people play with fortune cookies, where you add “in bed” to whatever fortune you get? My boyfriend and I do that whenever we go out for Chinese food, only instead of “in bed,” we say, “in the butt.” It started as a joke, something that he did to try to convince me to have anal sex with him. But we’ve kept it up, even though I now love backdoor sex as much as he does.

A few days ago, Eli went out to lunch with his coworkers, and I guess they went to a Chinese restaurant. That afternoon, I got a text from him. It was a picture of a fortune-cookie slip that read, “Soon a visitor shall delight you,” and at the end, he’d scrawled, “...in the butt.” A follow-up message came a moment later. “I think they gave me your cookie by mistake,” he wrote.

“I’m not expecting any visitors, though,” I wrote back, teasing him. “It must be someone else’s.”

“Well, that’s a shame,” he responded. “I’d hate to have gotten your hopes up for nothing. Guess I’ll have to come over later, just to be safe.”

I could think about nothing else for the rest of the afternoon. I spent the last few hours of the day fantasizing about Eli’s cock in my ass and my finger wiggling its way between his cheeks. By the time five o’clock rolled around, my pussy was drenched and my ass was eager to be filled. The hour-long commute back to my apartment was intolerable, and I had to keep my thighs squeezed together the entire way, partially to keep my juices from running down my legs and partly to keep from reaching down to finger-fuck myself.

Eli was outside my apartment building when I got home, and I practically tackled him in my rush to get inside. He laughed at my exuberance, but he let me drag him, running up the stairs to my fourth-floor walk-up. I didn’t even try to control myself as I rushed through the door, pulling Eli after me, and headed straight for the bedroom. I didn’t bother stripping, either, instead peeling off my panties and hiking up my dress to bare my pussy and ass to my boyfriend.

He reached between my legs and swiped his hand at my dripping pussy, gathering my

juices on his fingers. He then rubbed the dew along his dick, getting it nice and slick, before pushing me down on the bed and moving in behind me. He rubbed more of my juices on my asshole, then spread my cheeks and slowly started to push his cock into my ass.

The feel of his cockhead pressing against my sphincter was enough to get me all riled up, and I moaned loudly as I felt him ease himself inside me. I was so eager to be fucked that my ass opened up for him right

away, and he was able to slide balls-deep into me in one smooth, easy stroke. His cock filled my ass perfectly, and I felt every inch of him as he slid back out and then thrust back in again.

He moved slowly, teasing me, and I let him—for a while. But when I couldn’t handle his tentative, careful thrusts anymore, I took matters into my own hands. I waited until he was sliding inside me again and then bucked back as hard as I could, impaling my butt on





his dick. He grunted in surprise, but he got the point, and he picked up speed.

Soon he was really pounding my ass as his balls slapped loudly against my cheeks. The action still wasn't intense enough for me, and I energetically rocked back against him. I timed my thrusts with his strokes; every moment he slid into me, I lurched backward, taking him as deep as my ass would allow.

When we were moving too fast to maintain our rhythm, Eli pushed me flat down on the bed and knelt on the edge, giving himself a little more leverage and control. The position allowed him to go even deeper, and without me moving against him, he was able to go even faster and work up to a satisfyingly frantic pace.

As he fucked me, I couldn't help thinking about all the other times he'd penetrated my ass, and I couldn't believe that in all those times, I'd never felt anything as good as I did right then. That experience was the best sex of my life, and I couldn't believe that something as ordinary for us as ass sex was giving me that kind of excitement. My body was vibrating with pleasure.

His dick felt incredible pumping in and out of my tight ass, and I didn't want him to stop. I decided to help speed up my climax, and I slid a hand under myself so I could reach my clit. I lightly strummed my hot button, easing myself toward the edge of orgasm. I didn't want to shoot off too soon, but I also couldn't wait to feel my ass clench around Eli's cock as I rocketed into the stratosphere.

Eli continued fucking my ass as I climaxed, which made the feeling so much more

intense. My ass squeezed his dick hard, then released, then clenched again, over and over, as I shivered through my climax. I hadn't experienced such an extreme orgasm in a while, and I had to pull my hand away from my pussy to keep myself from being overwhelmed.

I'd been climaxing for a few minutes before

“HE WAS ABLE TO SLIDE BALLS- DEEP INTO ME IN ONE SMOOTH, EASY STROKE”

I finally felt Eli release inside me. His dick pulsed and throbbed, and then I felt him shoot off in my ass.

When we were finished, we slid up toward the middle of the bed and just lay there, catching our breath. Once Eli could speak, he turned his head toward me and said, “I'm famished. What do you say to Chinese takeout?” Round two, it seemed, was only a phone call away.

—W.H., Austin, Texas

DIAL 1-800-ANAL

I called Tom while on my lunch break. I'd come out of a big meeting, and the only thing I could think about while my coworkers had been droning on about advertising numbers was Tom's cock in my ass. We'd been dating for about a year, and I was always blunt with him about my desires—especially on that day.

“I want you in my ass,” I whispered into my cell.

“You do, do you?”

“Yeah, that's why I just said it.” I laughed; I couldn't help myself.

“That can be done. I work until four today. You?”

“Four. I'll meet you at my place. Then you can put it in me.”

That phrase, for whatever reason, never failed to turn Tom on.

“I can put it in you. I'll make you come first, though. Three times. The magic number. Did you know that after I make you come three times, getting my dick in your ass is as easy as sliding a knife into softened butter?”

I felt my cheeks grow hot. “No, I did not.”

“It's true,” he said.

“I won't argue with three orgasms before the fucking,” I teased.

We hung up, and I set about finishing my work before leaving the office for the weekend. The knowledge that I would soon be getting fucked up the ass by my sexy man was enough to keep me on edge. When I left for the day, I was thankful to see there was

LETTERS

▷ BOOTY TIME



“HE PRESSED HIS SLICK COCKHEAD TO MY ASSHOLE. I WANTED HIM INSIDE ME”

around my back hole. He plunged two fingers deep, and I sighed. It felt so good. Just what I'd wanted.

When a third finger went in as easily as the first two, he pulled them free and pressed his slick cockhead to my asshole. I moved back, wanting him in, wanting him to put me out of my misery.

He drove into me easily, my body accepting him and gripping him tight. We both stilled, and I felt a pulsing pleasure in my back door. His hands smoothed along my ass cheeks and trailed down the backs of my thighs, making me shiver.

“Move,” I begged. “Fuck me.”

He did, using drawn out, lazy strokes at first until the pressure and the pleasure built to nearly unbearable levels. Tom grabbed my hips firmly, holding me steady. He drove into me over and over as I found my clit with unsteady fingers. I felt the beginnings of another orgasm. An entirely different animal from the others. Climaxes were sweeter and deeper when he was nestled in my ass.

“I know you’re going to come,” he managed to utter. “I can feel it.”

“I don’t want to come until you do.”

“On or in?” Tom growled.

“In my ass,” I gasped. “Come in my ass.”

He nearly withdrew, staying poised at the edge of my back hole for a moment, and then plunging back in. I painted circles on my clit and clenched my pussy tight. He groaned, and I followed suit. He repeated the maneuver, nearly withdrawing, and then sliding into me deep and hard.

I bit my tongue, worked my clit and prayed he’d tell me to come soon.

very little traffic on the road at that time.

His car was already parked out front when I pulled up to my place, and a thrill ran up my spine. I was wet inside my panties, and my cheeks had never truly lost their heat from our conversation.

When I let myself in, he greeted me with a smile, took my bag, dropped it and proceeded to take all my clothes off without a word.

“I’ve been waiting for this since you called,” he said, dropping to his knees, forcing me against the wall and pushing his lips to my pussy. “I could imagine the smell of you,” he said, his words rumbling up into my pelvis and making my cunt throb.

His tongue worked my clit, using little tight circles that had me clutching at the smooth wall. I forced my hips forward, and he sucked my button so hard I saw stars. I came fast that first time like a gun going off, and my sharp cries filled my silent apartment.

He led me to the sofa and laid me back. Pushing two fingers into my cunt, he began to nudge and stroke my G-spot. His magical tongue returned to my clit, and between the licking and the finger-fucking, I found myself rushing toward another orgasm. My body

moved to take his fingers deeper; I chewed my lower lip and tried to breathe.

He curled his fingers, and I let go with a sigh, the second orgasm rocking me so that my hands trembled a bit.

“Fuck,” I said. “Just fuck my ass.”

“Not yet,” he said teasingly. He took his own clothes off slowly, giving me a chance to regroup. By the time he climbed onto the sofa and pushed himself between my legs, I was hungry for that third orgasm.

He pushed the head of his cock to my cunt, stroked and teased, but finally slid into me. He entered me on a long, slow stroke that had my pussy gripping him tight. I clutched at his shoulders, wrapped my thighs around his waist and urged him to continue. He paused, not moving, and kissed me. He pinched my nipple until I hissed, and then he rocked his hips from side to side. My mind shut off like a light switch. I arched up, grinding against him, and when he finally began to thrust again, I came. This climax was a long, slow uncurling of pleasure deep in my center.

“Now I fuck your ass.”

He flipped me roughly, gathering moisture from my cunt with his fingers and spreading it

His fingers dug into my flesh, and I felt sure I'd wear purple half-moons from his fingertips for days.

"Come for me, sweetheart. Come with me." He was thrusting fast now. All control gone.

Just as he stiffened and cried out, I climaxed. A bright, hot flash of ecstasy flooded my body with blissful satisfaction. He was right behind me, and I felt the warmth of his release fill me.

He kissed my back, staying in me. "You know, I have to say, I love when you call me in the middle of the day, but . . ."

"But?"

"But those anal requests are my absolute favorite phone calls."

I took a deep breath to calm my racing heart. "Me, too," I said. "Hands down."

-R.M., Sacramento, California

■ BACKDOOR CRAVINGS

I always wonder when Emmie will say it. And yet, she almost always surprises me. We were fucking in the middle of the day. She was off because her office was being fumigated; I was working from home.

I was sitting in the dining room when she walked in wearing nothing but an apron and said, "Come into the kitchen and fuck me." Then she turned on her heels and sauntered off, walking a bit on her tiptoes so her ass stuck out in the most provocative way.

I was out of my chair faster than even I thought possible and hurried after her. She was putting dishes away when I entered, bending and stooping and sticking her ass out so I could see the wet pinkness of her pussy when she moved just right.

"Em..." I said, swallowing hard as she bent to grab a plate, and I saw how flushed and drenched she was between her thighs.

"Come on, then," she said. Emmie put the plate away, turned to me, and pulled the tie on the apron. When it released and the apron sagged, she pulled the garment over her head and dropped it on the floor.

There she was—spectacular and buck naked—her nipples hard, her hip cocked, that lovely butterfly tattoo on her hip beckoning me. I licked my lips.

"Are you going to?"

"What?"

"Fuck me?" she asked, laughing.

"Yes," I said. "But first..." First, I wanted a taste of that sweet, sweet pussy of hers. I dropped to my knees and pushed her back against the counter. I parted her thighs and ran my fingers over that impossibly soft skin. Then I nuzzled her sex, inhaling the perfect scent of her before touching my tongue to her clit. Her button was swollen and hot beneath my tongue. I licked and sucked until she was grinding against my face and begging me with her moans.

She came with a loud cry. When I stood, she unfastened my pants and finally got them off. Then she tugged me forward by my rigid dick. The feel of her hot little hand wrapped around me was overwhelming and wonderful.

"Get wet," she whispered. "Get your cock wet in me."

She rubbed my erection along the slippery split of her pussy. I thrust inside her once, twice, three times but then she pulled away. She was gasping for air, and I have to admit I wasn't faring much better. Emmie turned her

back to me, braced herself against the sink, and said over her shoulder. "Fuck my ass, baby."

I gripped her hips hard—I knew she liked that—and nudged the tight ring of her asshole with the tip of my prick. Emmie pushed back against me, showing me how ready she was with her body. She moaned, and when I finally took my cock in hand and began to press steadily to enter her, she sighed. I got the head in and stilled, waiting for her body to cue me to go further. I like to go slow. To pay attention to all the small nuances of Emmie's body talking to mine.

She rubbed her clit furiously, and without saying a word came a second time. Then she bore back against me, forcing my cock deeper into her back hole. I put my hands on her hips and began to fuck her in slow, controlled strokes.

Emmie hung her head and hummed softly. She turned to look at me over her shoulder and smiled. "I like when we do this."

"Me, too," I managed, my voice not much



LETTERS

↘ BOOTY TIME

“THE VISUAL OF HER BODY TAKING MY COCK WAS MORE THAN I COULD HANDLE”

more than a throaty whisper.

“I have to be in the mood, but when I get in the mood. Oh...”

I'd pressed deep. I stilled again and let her wiggle on the end of my prick like a fish on a line. She was so gorgeous in the yellow splashes of sun from the window. “When you get in the mood?” I prompted, moving slightly from side to side.

“I really get in the mood. I want it bad when I want it,” she said. Then Emmie took a step

back and angled her body more severely. I was about to ask her what she was doing when I felt her fingers through the thin barrier of flesh separating her cunt and ass. She'd shoved three digits inside her pussy and was finger-fucking herself while I took her back door.

I bit my lip hard at the added sensation and the knowledge of what she was doing.

“Can you feel that?” she asked, thrusting her bundle of fingers deep inside.

I could feel every ripple of it and nodded. Then I managed to utter, “Yeah, I can feel it!”

My rhythm had picked up and so had my pulse. My heart pounded so hard that I felt the beat in my neck and my temples. Pleasure flooded my body as I slid in and out of her tight back hole. I felt her fingers grazing my length as she pushed her digits inside herself. She wiggled and laughed softly.

The sensation caused a rush of warmth in me. Any moment I'd be coming. I could tell my time was growing short. I gripped her hips and squeezed so hard that she gasped. Emmie likes when I leave a few fingerprints on her skin. She told me she likes to look at them later, to trace the faint marks and remember what we did when I gave them to her. They're a special souvenir.

I drove into her more forcefully, pausing to give myself a few extra moments of this time. Of this pleasure.

I rotated my hips so that we both let out low moans in unison.

“I'm going to come soon,” she said.

“Me, too.” I found myself laughing. How had my boring work-at-home afternoon turned into ass-fucking in the kitchen?

“I want us to come together,” she said. I could tell she tightened her pussy around her own fingers because I felt the tightness and tension build in her ass, as well.

I nodded. “Okay. Yes, good. Soon, so soon...”

I began to move. Emmie pushed her fingers deeper and then slid them out. She repeated the motion, and I realized I could hear the wetness of her cunt from her ministrations. The sounds told me how turned on she was.

I pushed my hand to her lower back, angled her a bit more, and then began to thrust in earnest, sliding in and out of her ass with ease. The visual of her body taking my cock was more than I could handle. I stared, transfixed as the rigid length of my cock slid in and out of what seemed an impossibly small opening.

Aware that I was on the edge of coming, I grabbed her hips hard and slammed my cock into her ass repeatedly. Emmie squealed with pleasure and surprised me by thrusting herself back against me.

“Oh fuck yes! Harder!” she begged.

The first hard spasm of orgasm hit, and I cursed. That was all it took for Emmie. She thrust her fingers, curled them, and then she was coming, too, the hard contractions of her release echoing throughout the rest of her body. I felt her spasming ass clench around me, and I was done. My own orgasm rocketed through me so fast that I felt lightheaded.

I trembled above her, trying to hang on to every fleeting flicker of pleasure.

I looped my arm around her waist and gently kissed the back of her neck. “How come I never know you're going to ask for this?” I whispered.

“Because I never know when I'm going to ask for it,” she said. Then she turned toward me for a kiss. “But isn't that half the fun?”

It is. It definitely is.

—O.W., Houston, Texas





SHARING IS CARING

Recently, I was having my cock sucked by my friend Shawna, and was enjoying it immensely, as always. But at one point she stopped sucking to tell me how much she envied us men, with our big hard cocks and our ability to ejaculate. So we started talking about cocks, and I found myself telling her how I sometimes thought about them myself. I didn't like all cocks, I told her, but I did admire young, hard, smooth, pretty cocks on well-groomed men. I also said I had thought about holding a cock in my hand and stroking it until it ejaculated.

Shawna said I should try it. She then asked me if I'd ever thought about sucking one. Her eyes lit up when I said I had, and that I'd even thought about what it would be like to take one in my asshole.

Shawna got very excited. "Look at what I've got!" she exclaimed, and she pulled a strap-on dildo out of her bag. It was big and purple, made of what looked like hard rubber. The harness was black leather, with silver studs and buckles. Shawna explained to me how the device was designed to stimulate

the clit of the woman wearing it.

I was fascinated with this dildo. It was about the same size as my cock when I was fully aroused, or maybe a little bigger. I took it in my hand and instinctively started stroking it. Samantha watched my face with interest and asked, "Do you want me to put it in you?"

Excitement seemed to clog my throat, and I could only nod. "Oh, goody!" she chirped.

Following Shawna's suggestion, I got on my knees on the floor and bent over the side of the bed. I spread my ass cheeks and positioned myself so that my asshole was pointing back at her. I was a little relieved when she pulled out a jar of lubricant and spread some of it around and into my asshole. I could feel her fingers twisting and turning as she worked it in, and I heard myself moaning.

Finally, Shawna strapped on the harness and moved into position. "Ooh, I really like this!" she said.

I was too low, so I put two pillows under my stomach to raise my ass higher. Shawna giggled and started to work the head of the rubber cock into my ass. It felt even bigger than it looked, but I liked the feeling. I began to moan again. Shawna asked me if it was hurting me, and I said no. I told her not to stop.

I was panting with excitement, but I tried to get myself to breathe deeply and regularly, to help me relax my anus and rectum so that I could take more of the dildo. I wanted as much as I could get. Shawna worked it in bit by bit. I asked her if she was enjoying what she was doing.

"Oh, yes!" she replied. "It's great!"

I asked her how much she had gotten into me, and was surprised when she said it was only about two inches. It felt like way more than that.

"I love this, I love this!" Shawna chanted. Then she slowly pulled out of me and said, "Let's go in the bathroom where we can look in the mirrors."

There were several mirrors in the bathroom, including one very large one on the back of the door. I pulled out the padded vanity seat and bent over it, anxious to resume what we'd been doing. Shawna stood behind me, positioning me so that I could see my face in the vanity mirror. I could also look at the door mirror for a side view of my ass, and the dildo going in and out of it. I couldn't see the actual penetration, but I could feel it all right.

Shawna slowly pushed into me again, and then started sawing in and out of my asshole.

LETTERS

▷ BOOTY TIME



She said that she loved being in control this way. As for me, it felt so good that I could hardly stand it. In between moans of pleasure I was talking to her, almost babbling. “Fuck me, Shawna,” I was panting. “Fuck my ass, do me, baby, ream me; screw my ass, yeah, screw me good!”

Shawna was almost as turned on as I was. “Look at the mirror!” she said excitedly. “Look at you. Look at me. I love being in charge!”

I turned to look into the big mirror. Shawna was hunkered down on my body, pistoning in and out of me. I could see my balls swaying as they hung below my stretched asshole. I could see my face twisted with lust, and Shawna’s face looking at me in the mirror with a similar expression. Then I saw her rise on her toes. Her body stiffened—she was naked except for a pair of black thigh-high stockings—and started to shudder.

She was climaxing because she was fucking me, and I was pleased to be the cause of her pleasure. I was a sex object, and I liked it. I looked from one mirror to another, watching as her spasms gradually diminished and she fell against on my back, the way a sexually spent man would collapse on his woman.

When she caught her breath, she started thrusting again. As she did so she slid a hand under me and groped for my stiff cock, wrapping her fingers around it. She barely had to touch it before I came like a fountain.

“I WAS PLEASED TO BE THE CAUSE OF HER PLEASURE. I WAS A SEX OBJECT”

After she eased the dildo out of me, I asked her how much of it she had gotten inside my ass. She measured it off with her hand; it was only about four or five inches. I was shocked. I had thought I might have taken it all. I could not believe that what had felt like a huge pole in my ass had been no longer than that.

Shawna could see that I was disappointed. She slapped my ass and said, “Don’t worry about it. You’ll do better next time.”

Next time? Did I want a next time?

Yes, I did.

Shawna grinned at me. “I took your cherry,” she said, sounding very proud of herself.

She was right. I hadn’t had a man up my

ass, but I had definitely had a woman there.

The next day I went out and bought a double-headed dildo. It was a little thicker than Shawna’s strap-on, and definitely longer. I bought it to use on myself, since I wanted to get my ass used to being fucked, but also to use with Shawna, in one way or another.

The first time I tried to fit one end of the double dildo into my ass I was unable to get it up there. It took a bit of practice for me to get used to the sensation and to be able to work it into my ass. I was all the more impressed with the fact that Shawna had gotten as much of her dildo into me as she had.

I also found myself putting the other end of the dildo into my mouth, sucking on it and attempting to get it past my gag reflex and down my throat. I enjoyed doing that so much that I started to think that perhaps what I really wanted was a man’s hard cock down my throat and up my ass. The more I thought about the act, the more the idea appealed to me. Yes, I wanted to be fucked by a real cock. A man’s cock. I wanted a horny man to use me, to take his pleasure with my mouth and my ass.

When I told Shawna this, she just laughed and said she had suspected it all along. She also said that she would bring one of her friends around that night, a guy who would satisfy both of us. And she did. I’ll tell you all about that another time.

—Name and address withheld



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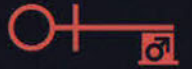
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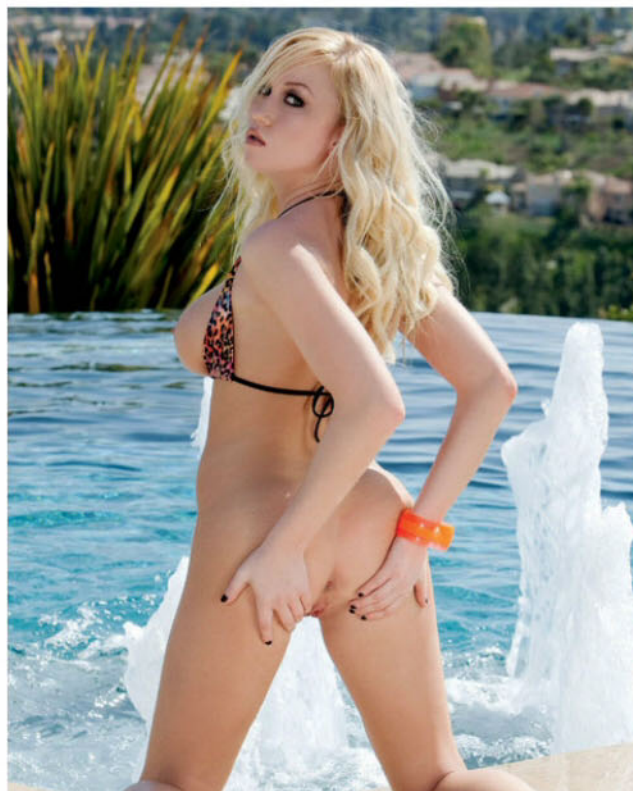


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▾ EDITORS' NOTE

In this special edition Penthouse combines two of our readers' favorite brands: Penthouse Variations and Penthouse Letters, delivering even more of what you crave. With all of these sizzling stories and lusty letters, you'll find plenty of steamy reads.

Readers spill their kinkiest secrets in our Female Domination Letters, with worshipful submissives confessing their adventures with deliciously deviant dommes and one very special dominant woman who gives her perspective on what makes for a perfect night of pervy fun. In "Popping the Question," Zoe Masters and her boyfriend find an inventive way to get the most out of her private bubble-wrap collection, and Alexa Charles plans a sinfully sexy birthday celebration for her man that finds her on the receiving end of some super-sexy discipline. And for a grab bag of naughty fun, turn to the Wide World of Variations for some alfresco adventures, girl-girl action, and hot hookups. Summer has never been hotter!

—The Editors





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VARIATIONS

▷ FEMALE DOMINATION



■ SLAVE TRAINING

Whitney keeps me occupied every Sunday morning. She lives upstairs from me, and from the moment the newspaper hits our front

stoop, I am hers to use as she wants to use. To punish and play with. Those are the rules that Whitney set up when we initially got together, and I wouldn't change our relationship for anything.

The first thing I do is make her breakfast. I know exactly what she likes and how she likes it: fruit salad, fresh coffee, a hot buttered scone. Then hot-buttered me. So to speak.

We didn't meet in any traditional sense. There was no dinner and a movie. One morning, I simply brought her newspaper up to her door. I'd seen her in the building, but I hadn't had the balls to make a move. She was too sleek, too pretty, too...

"Early," she said, when she opened the door. "Too damn early." She had a sleep mask pushed up on her blonde hair, and her face looked adorably sleepy. "Who are you? Why are you knocking? Is there a fire?"

I shook my head. "I'm Todd," I said. "I live downstairs. I brought you your paper." I had the newspaper in my hand. I realized the paper was shaking. Whitney realized that at the same time. "You were sweet to bring me the paper," she said. "But I'm a night owl. This is dawn to me."

It had to be ten in the morning.

"But now that I'm up..." She backed into her apartment and beckoned me to follow her.

I followed meekly.

"Let's see what we can do together," she finished. I had no idea what she was talking about or what she wanted from me. But the look in her clear green eyes was sending me messages that went straight to my groin. I could feel every part of my body responding to the way she was gazing at me.

"So are you in general an early riser?" she asked. I realized that I hadn't said much so far, and I cleared my throat and nodded at the same time.

"All parts of you?" she asked next.

Had she noticed my hard-on already? I put the newspaper down so that it shielded me. She laughed and took the paper from me.

"Headlines can't be more captivating than that," she said, eyes on my crotch.

I felt completely naked even in my t-shirt and sweatpants. She was appraising every part of me, walking around me. I wished I knew what to do, what to say. I'd been drooling over her for too long. Now that I was actually in the room with her, I felt completely lost. Thankfully, Whitney seemed to appreciate my silent adoration.

"I'd like a cup of coffee," she said suddenly.

"I have coffee!" I told her. "It's downstairs. I can get you a cup!"

"Black," she said, "and fast. I'll expect it up here by the time I'm dressed."

I turned and practically sprinted back down to my apartment. I had no idea what was actually going on, but I sensed some sort of playfully kinky game, and I was all in.

I came back as quickly as I could with a cup of hot coffee. Whitney, in the few minutes I'd been gone, had made a total transformation. She no longer appeared the slightest bit sleepy. Her hair was brushed back into a tight ponytail. She'd traded her robe for a formfitting zip-up hoodie made of some sort of shiny material. She had on stretchy leggings. I handed over the coffee, then I waited. I didn't want her to release me. I wanted to do something else for her, anything else for her. How could I make my intentions clear?

"Could I...?" I started. "Would you like...?"

"Your total obedience?" she asked, and there was obvious humor to her voice. "Yes, that's what I require if you want to play."

"You've got it," I nodded, not at all sure what I was agreeing to.

"We'll start with you undressed," she said almost casually. She sipped her coffee and watched me with glittery eyes. Would I take off my clothes in front of a girl I'd just met? You bet I would. I kicked off my sneakers and got naked in record time. My cock was a beast of its own, springing forward happily once unhindered by my briefs. Whitney grinned at me. She seemed so pure, so young to be this domineering. But I loved it. I loved the way she came forward and raked one hand across my chest, her short nails sending a subtle spark of pain throughout my body. She tugged on my nipples and then leaned in and bit one. I let out a yelp of surprise, and my cock bobbed fiercely.

"Oh, you're a fun one," she said. "You're so

emotive. I'm going to enjoy this."

She led me by my dick to her bedroom and had me climb onto her mattress and present my ass to her. I felt my cheeks go hot as she stroked my butt with one hand, cupping and almost caressing me. Then she let loose with a slap that was harder than I'd anticipated. I looked at her over my shoulder, and she winked at me. "Nice," she said. "Your skin is lovely. I can see the handprint I left. I'd like to try that with a paddle. Are you up for a paddling?"

I was up in multiple ways. I had to shift my hips on the mattress so I didn't bore a hole in her bed with my dick. I watched as she opened a drawer in her dresser and removed a paddle. She told me to hold myself still. I locked into position. She said that if I didn't cry out for ten blows, she would give me a reward. A reward! I promised myself to do

"I LET OUT A YELP OF SURPRISE, AND MY COCK BOBBED FIERCELY"

what she asked. But the minx didn't make things easy for me. She fairly blistered my behind with that mean paddle, smacking me in a flurry of blows that stung like wildfire.

I had to bite my bottom lip to keep from making noise, but I succeeded. Whitney seemed pleased when she dropped her toy. She had me turn over on her mattress, so that my cock was now pointing skyward. To my delight and utter surprise, she got between my legs and slicked the tip of my dick with her lips.

I made a noise then, let me tell you. I moaned ferociously, and she tutted and said I had to keep quiet if I wanted her to continue. It took all my strength, but I was a good boy. I behaved as she bestowed the most thrilling

blowjob I'd ever received. Right when I was on the verge of filling her mouth with my cream, she backed away and told me to hold myself in check.

"In check" meant not to coat her ceiling with my come, I guessed. I thought of space travel, of cold showers, of multiplication tables. My strength came back, and I didn't shoot. Whitney let me know that she would reach her orgasm first, then decide if I might take my own. She was a thing to behold as she stripped and slid on top of me. I didn't touch her until she said I could. When she gave me permission, I stroked her pert breasts and let my fingers ever so gently pinch her nipples. She said, "Harder," under her breath, and I pinched her with more force. "Do my clit," she said next, and breathlessly, I let my fingertips find her swollen button and pinched her there. She came almost undone, her hair floating around her face, loose from her ponytail, her eyelashes fluttering, her mouth open. She looked so different, almost innocent, when she climaxed, the steel vanished. For a second.

Then she was a domme once more, telling me I'd done well, telling me I could come for her. And come I did, bucking her up toward the ceiling as my hips moved on their own and my cock unloaded inside her.

That was our first morning together, our first explosion of erotic delights. Now, every Sunday I am Whitney's. To use as she sees fit. To punish and play with. She is all things to me, and I will forever bow at her feet, subdued and sublime.

—Mr. Todd G., Cleveland, Ohio

STRAP-ON INITIATION

Sparkling champagne slowly filled my glass to the very rim of the flute. I looked up at the waiter, ready to snap at him. What did he expect me to do? Bring my lips to the glass and slurp up the expensive bubbly? There was no way to lift the crystal in a genteel fashion with the liquid so close to overflowing. My eyes met the waiter's, and I paused. Normally, when something displeases me, I don't hesitate to let my feelings be known. But the waiter in question was so handsome in his tux, his boyish face clean-

VARIATIONS

▷ FEMALE DOMINATION

shaven, his blue eyes carefully appraising me. For a moment, I held my tongue.

"I'm so sorry, Miss," he said quickly. I knew that type of apology. His tone wasn't sorry. His tone was... daring. "I wasn't looking at the glass. I was... I was looking at you."

I settled back in my seat and stared at him, waiting for him to continue. Here I was, solo at the event, seated by myself at a table for two. I don't mind being on my own. I take myself places all the time. Now, I was pleased with my choice to travel unhindered. I had the feeling I'd leave with a partner.

"What's your name?" I asked him.

"Byron," he stammered.

"You were being forward, Byron," I said. "Would you like to know what I do with forward young men?" His eyes had widened, but before he could even begin to formulate a response, I added, "Would you like to experience how I deal with impudent, careless young men who ought to do their jobs professionally?"

"Oh, yes," he said, and he moved a step closer to me. "Yes, I would love to know."

I smirked at him. He was getting on my good side. I appreciated the color in his cheeks, the way his eyes seemed to simultaneously caress my curves and apologize for looking at the same time.

"Then come to my house when you get off," I said, handing him my card, "And I'll fill you in..."

I meant the words literally. I wondered if he knew that. Before he could move on to the next table, I said, "But first, what should I do

about this?" The champagne was all the way to the rim, the bubbles ricocheting against the very brim.

"Should I get you a new glass?" he asked.

"No."

"Then what do you want me to do?" He seemed concerned.

"Lick it," I said evenly.

"Excuse me?"

"Lick the champagne from the glass for me. Lick it like a cat."

He looked confused at first, and then nervous, and finally aroused. I watched all those different emotional states pass across his stunning features in a matter of seconds.

"I'll be fired," he said.

"I don't think so," I told him. "I know the club's owner. We're like this," I crossed one finger over another. "In many ways," I added.

"I PRESSED FORWARD, SLOWLY, GIVING HIM THE TOY IN INCREMENTS"

"You want me to drink your champagne?" he asked, just to be sure, to be on the safe side.

I shook my head. "I want you to lap the liquid up with your tongue, as if you were my pet. Make it so I can drink from the glass without spilling any."

He was done hesitating, which made me happy. He didn't look around. He didn't pause to see if anyone was watching us. He bent at the waist, brought his mouth to my glass, and lapped up the champagne exactly as I'd requested. I smiled. He was going to lap my pussy like that by the evening's end. I was sure.

I left the club before the next band took the stage, wanting to prepare myself by the time my waiter arrived at my place. I guessed he would have to stay until one or so when the club closed. That gave me plenty of time to dress properly and put my gear in order.

By the time Byron rang my bell, I was ready. He had changed from his working uniform into a clean white shirt and black jeans. Out of the tux, he looked a little younger, a little more insecure. I liked that. I let him into my place, and then I told him the rules.

"Here, I call the shots," I said. "If I'm going too fast for you, too rough for you, too anything, you can tell me to stop. Say 'champagne' if you want things to end, otherwise, strip and follow me to the bedroom."

I didn't wait to see if he would. I simply strode toward my master bedroom, listening to the sound of his boots hitting the floor, his jeans, his belt buckle. I smiled to myself. Sometimes I can spot something good in a second. I was satisfied with my choice this evening. Byron hurried after me, my naked new sub. We entered the room, and I walked to my bed, but he stopped in my doorway. I'd had time to set the stage for the greatest impact. The light over the bed was on. Spread on my mattress was a pair of handcuffs, a strap-on cock, and a bottle of lube.

I could have asked if he was game. But he didn't use his safeword, so I said, "On my bed, facedown, wrists over your head."

He obeyed almost before I'd finished saying the words.

Then we were in motion. I attached the cuffs to his wrists and set his hands gently on



my pillow. Then I lifted his haunches, spread his ass cheeks and filled him with the lube the way he'd filled my glass. A little too much. A little over-the-top in my generosity. I wanted him to be slick with the lubrication. Finally, I stripped out of my own clothes and buckled into the harness. Byron watched me with a look I understood. He was beyond turned on, aroused to the nth degree, and nervous as fuck. I let him lick my cock first, so he could understand the girth and the length of my toy. Then I got behind him, held his hips, and introduced him to my favorite friend.

Byron, my sweet young thing, sighed beautifully as the cock entered his hole. His hands made fists on my pillow. His whole body seemed to still. I pressed forward, slowly, giving him the toy in increments so he could acclimate. Only when I was all the way to the hilt, did I begin to actually fuck him, rocking in and out at a seductive pace.

"Do you like that?" I asked my plaything.

"Oh, yes. Yes..." His voice trembled erotically.

"Show me," I said. "Moan for me. Sing for me."

I started to work him harder, putting my force into each stroke. I sensed when Byron was reaching his limit. I could see the fine muscles in his back tightening, could hear the breathy pauses between each and every delicious moan. He whispered, "I'm going to come..."

I whispered back, "Don't you dare."

He looked over his shoulder at me, shocked by my words.

"I can't... I can't help it."

I smiled, because of course I knew exactly what was going on with him. He had reached his cusp. And I was telling him not to plunge. So I said, "Hold on, baby. Five more strokes." I watched him dig in, search for that strength inside himself. He came on the fifth, and then he collapsed, but I wasn't through with him yet. I undid the harness and removed the cock. Then I wriggled myself into his embrace, so that his cuffed wrists rested at the small of my back and my pussy was directly in front of his mouth.

"Please me," I said. "Show me how much you appreciated my cock in your ass."

He licked me as I'd imagined he would. With gusto. With flair. He drank my pussy juices as they ran down my thighs before focusing on my clit. I swear, I lost my own



cool for a moment or two as he stroked my clit with feather-soft caresses and brought me to a climax that made me feel as if champagne were bubbling through my own veins. I was intoxicated. Electrified.

Slowly, I slid back to my senses, unlocked Byron's wrists, and curled up with him in the bed. We had a long, lovely night ahead of us, filled with all sorts of rules to obey and to break.

-Ms. Aura R., Providence, Rhode Island

■ YES, MISTRESS

Everything about the stunning platinum-blond customer turned me on. I watched her surreptitiously as she waited her turn in line. She was dressed all in black, with shiny leather boots that disappeared beneath a long, lace-edged skirt. How high up did those boots go? I wanted to know. Unlike the rest of the customers in line, she wasn't on a phone. She simply waited, and every so often, she'd look at me.

Her eyes were a dark blue ringed in cobalt mascara. They were striking, and I felt when she looked at me that she knew me, knew my fantasies, knew that I imagined going on my knees in front of her and ever so slowly raising the hem of her skirt. There was a challenge in her eyes, as if she was saying, "You up for it, boy? Do you dare?"

I did. I dared. When I passed her the coffee, I let my hand brush against hers. She shot me a half smile and said, "You have good, strong hands."

I'd never really given my hands much thought before.

Then she added, "I'd like to see them cuffed."

At first, I thought I must have misheard her, but the look in her eyes said I hadn't. When she gave me her money, she added her business card to the bills. "Call me if you're interested," she said. I was interested. Her name was Stella. She worked in banking. Even the font on her card was domineering. It took willpower, and the fact that we had a steady stream of customers, for me not to drop everything and call right then. As soon as I could take a break, I dialed her digits.

She answered the phone immediately, as if she was expecting me. She didn't bother to ask who was calling, did not wait to hear me stammer.

"I'm glad you got up the nerve to call. Let's see what else you can get up tonight. At six." She gave me her address.

The remainder of my shift passed in a series of waking wet dreams. My dick was hard on and off all afternoon as I fantasized about what this woman would want from me, what she might do to me. What I hoped she'd do to me, honestly. I had never felt such an instant connection with a stranger before. The way her eyes had skirted over me, summed me up, and devoured me was the hottest foreplay I'd ever experienced. I wondered what would happen when I arrived at her place, when we were away from the watching eyes of others, when nothing else mattered but the heat and fire between us.

She answered her door dressed in the same boots. But she'd taken off the long skirt, the turtleneck and the coat. Instead, she had on stockings that reached her thighs, a garter belt, panties, and a bustier. I couldn't believe she'd opened the door like that. What if her neighbors saw? She didn't seem to have any such worries. She slowly ushered me in, and then she cocked her head at me,

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▷ FEMALE DOMINATION



as if I ought to know what to do next.

I might not have mentally, but physically, my body took over. I dropped to my knees on her hardwood floor. She gave me a wink and motioned for me to follow after her. I crawled, feeling how turned on I was, paying attention to the sound of her heels on the floor, to the way her ass looked in those form-fitting panties. I wanted to kiss her all over. I wanted to pull the panties to the side and tongue-fuck her asshole. I was a mess of yearnings, a ball of cravings.

When we arrived in her bedroom, she had me strip. Then she said, "You have such gorgeous big hands. I wanted to bind them as soon as I saw them." She positioned me on her bed and cuffed my wrists together over my head. I was face-up, my dick pointing at the ceiling, my heart rate accelerating.

I wondered what she would do next. Luckily for me, I didn't have to wait long to find out. She straddled my face and said, "You served me well at the café today. Let's see what you can do when you're off the clock."

Her pussy was covered by her panties, but I didn't hesitate to run my tongue down the groove I could make out beneath the satiny material. Immediately, I won the taste of her sweet juices even through the fabric. She made a soft moan deep in her throat and ground down. I sucked harder, drawing both fabric and her pussy lips into my mouth. She leaned against me, and she interlaced her fingers with mine over my head. I felt a pull inside me at the gesture. She was holding on to me as I worked her. I made it my mission

"IT WAS THE HOTTEST FOREPLAY I HAD EVER EXPERIENCED"

to get her off. I licked and tugged at her split through those panties until she really thrust hard against my face and came.

I could tell when the climax broke for her. She cried out and then bucked against me several times in rapid succession. Then, to my supreme delight, she pushed back and kissed me on the mouth. I guessed she was tasting her creamy goodness on my lips. I had never savored such sweetness before.

She moved aside and tugged her panties off. Then she spooned on the mattress with me, one of her long, boot-clad legs overlapping my naked limbs.

"What do you want?" she asked me.

I wondered how she'd feel if I said exactly what was going through my mind. I wanted to fuck her. I was desperate to feel my cock plunge inside that warm, sexy pussy.

"What do you want?" she repeatedly more sternly. This time, she raked her long nails along my chest. She paused to pinch my nipples in turn. I groaned and my hips rose off her mattress as if on their own accord. I wanted everything, all at once.

"I want to fuck you," I confessed. "If that's okay, that is. If you'll let me..."

She smiled at my flailing. Then she gripped my dick in her fist and said, "I won't let you fuck me yet, but I'll fuck you."

I didn't know exactly what she was offering, but I was excited to find out. She lifted a bottle of lube from her nightstand, and she lubed up her fingers while I watched. With her eyes locked on mine, she traced her fingertips around my anus. I whimpered in spite of myself. Then she insinuated the tip of one finger inside me. My hard-on quivered. She seemed to take pity on me because she bent and licked the pre-come from the slit in my cockhead.

"Oh, fuck," I sighed.

She pushed her finger farther into me. I realized I could hear a half-moan, half-sob sound in the room. It was my voice! I hadn't even realized that I was making any noise at all.

"Be loud for me," she said, offering sultry words of encouragement. "Let me know how much you like me fucking your asshole."

"I like it." I was practically babbling. I didn't want her to stop. Not ever. And then she stopped.

"Could you come from me touching you like this?"

I nodded quickly.

"Then show me."

She resumed fingering my asshole, and I concentrated on doing what she had requested. Would I be able to climax without any stimulation to my cock? My body answered that when she pushed a second finger inside me and whispered that as soon as I came, she was going to get her strap-on. Her words took me to the edge. I shot my load in a steady stream. The come spattered down on my chest and lower belly. Stella was in motion even as the jism was still spraying down on me. She reached for a strap-on and harness and prepared herself to fuck my well-primed ass and make my every wicked dream come true. It was unbelievably hot, but that's a story for a different letter.

—Mr. Craig R., Venice Beach, California

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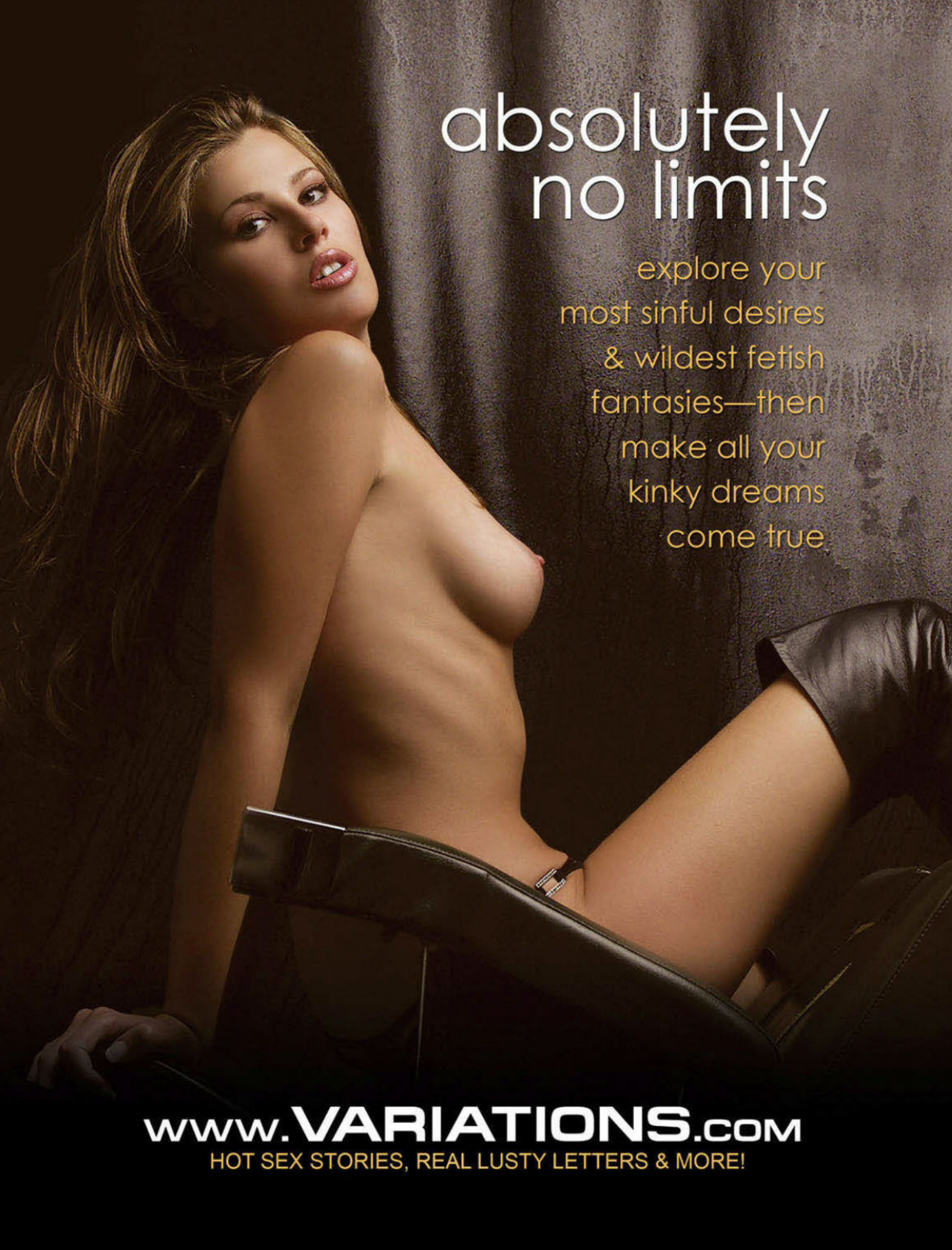


“I’M EASY ON THE EYES.
HARD ON EVERYTHING ELSE”

- ISABELLA SINCLAIRE





A woman with long, wavy brown hair is reclining in a black leather chair. She is looking back over her shoulder at the camera with a slight smile. She is wearing a black strapless top and black leather boots. The background is a dark, textured wall.

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▸ FETISHISM

POPPING THE QUESTION

A bubble-wrap fetishist meets her romantic match in a man who brings her to explosively erotic heights.

By Zoe Masters

It's often said that art is in the eye of the beholder. Modern art is a specific acquired taste. And very modern erotic art—well, that's what I was engaging in.

Fuchsia. Ruby. Emerald green. Sapphire. Everywhere I turned, I was confronted by a different beautiful, glistening color. If I squinted my eyes, the hues blurred together creating a kaleidoscope in my vision. No, I wasn't in an exclusive jewelry store or at an art museum. I was alone in my bedroom, surrounded by the plasticine fabric of my favorite fetish. And let me tell you—I felt as if I'd entered a magical world where everything was covered in gorgeous bubble wrap. That's because before I'd even started, I had spread sheet upon sheet of the various colors and sizes over the mattress, on the headboard, even on my pillows.

Sometimes when I moved, I accidentally popped a few of the bubbles, my hip making contact with a row of the small squeaky bumps, or the meat of my ass landing on a patch of the larger, louder bubbles. I say "accidentally," but really I had a sixth sense about when the bubbles would go. I've had enough experience playing this way not to be surprised by the way the material behaves.

Whichever way I rolled, the bubble wrap embraced me. I slid one hand between my legs, pressing, rubbing, and stretching. The experience of all that shininess stretched taut over me was erotic in and of itself, but as the pleasure built, I let the luscious popping take me closer to the edge.

Every time I teetered toward climax, I would stage a retreat, pausing in the popping to merely caress a few of the air pockets to give myself a little breather. That's a sensual sensation in itself, one that I indulge in often when I'm at work. I run a small art gallery, and I'll sneak into the mailroom and rummage through the recycling bins in search of a small square of leftover bubble wrap, something that nobody will miss. Then, in between tasks, I'll simply touch a bubble, or stroke a row, and fantasize.

When the urge grows too strong, I'll give

in fully and head to an office supply store. Nobody seems to find it strange when I fill a cart to overflowing with the different hues and sizes of wrap. They're used to me buying in quantity to wrap art from the gallery. If anyone makes a comment like, "You must have a lot of wrapping to do," I'll nod—thinking that what I'll be wrapping is me. And what there will be a lot of are climaxes.

Playing with bubble wrap fulfills my libido on multiple levels. There's the anticipation while waiting for the sultry sound of those musical pops. There's an undeniable stress

"I DESTROYED A ROW OF BUBBLES LEADING DIRECTLY TO MY CLIT"

release in actually hearing the bubbles pop. Finally, then there's this nameless quality—the carnal charge that owns me. This is linked directly to the way the plastic feels against my skin. I don't know why touching the bubble wrap delights me, but I know that the wrap has never failed to get me off.

I destroyed a row of the bubbles leading directly to my clit, but I waited until I was actually a second from coming before I popped the heavenly bubble that was poised over my clitoris. I didn't even realize at first that I was holding my breath. My whole body was tensed and ready. My eyes were shut tight. I could hear my heart pounding in my ears. When I couldn't wait any longer, I pressed firmly on that special bubble.

Pop!

The release of the bubble wasn't as loud as my moans. I was alone in my apartment. There was no reason to be quiet. I let the experience resonate throughout my whole body—the climax itself feeling as if I'd popped a row of bubbles within myself—and then I lay there in the bed, as completely spent as a popped bubble, surrounded by all the used and abused plastic wrap.

I wasn't planning on taking a nap, but the pleasure robbed me of my energy, and I gently floated into a lazy, hazy sleep. When I woke up, it was dusk. I realized in a rush that my boyfriend was probably on his way home. I needed to clean up and make myself presentable.

That's when I heard the distinct sound of a foot stepping on a sheet of bubble wrap. Nothing else in the world makes that same sound. It's like a muffled sort of clapping or a faraway fireworks display. Damn. I looked to the doorway. There was Rowan, staring at me. He was coming in from practice, and he still had his drumsticks in one hand. Slowly, he turned his head to take in the entire room. I followed his gaze, trying to imagine how he was feeling about the sight before him. The bubble wrap was everywhere—and I was in the very center.

"Zoe?" His expression was definitely one of surprise. Who wouldn't be shocked by such a scenario? A colorful carnival of bubble wrap is not what one would usually expect to find in the bedroom. I'd had quite the solo adventure. This had been one of my larger indulgences.

For a fluttery second, I wondered if there was any plausible explanation I might be able to employ: I'd been wrapping a really big gift—like an elephant or a pool table—and, um . . . Yeah, there really wasn't anything to say other than to fess up to how I'd spent my afternoon.

I sat up. Bubbles popped. I flushed as pink as the roll of fuchsia wrap. Rowan came closer to the bed. Every step exploded more of the bubbles. The worst—or possibly the best—part was that whenever he popped a



bubble, my pussy contracted. It didn't matter if I was the one popping the wrap or Rowan was. I had to work not to groan as he cleanly killed a patch of bubbles on his way to the mattress.

I'd kept my addiction to bubble wrap quiet up until now. (As quiet as the popping of the tiny bubbles can be, that is.) I didn't want to tell Rowan because—well, how do you tell your lover that you get off by wrapping yourself up in bubble wrap? Rowan was someone I thought I could spend forever with. This was no casual affair. I had planned to explain my fetish. I was simply waiting for the right time to pop the confession. I wanted him to understand. I wanted him to appreciate all those glorious bubbles, the sweet, seductive stretch. Simply the thought of bubble wrap can get me turned on.

Now, my favorite fetish was no longer a secret. There was no hiding the fact that I'd come atop a mound of pretty bubble wrap. I waited to see if Rowan would say something—anything. I started to try and untangle myself from the plastic sheets on the bed. That's when Rowan whispered four words that lit me up inside. "Wait, Beautiful. Don't move."

I couldn't even if I'd wanted to. I was seriously well trussed up in the electric-

colored bubble wrap. Rowan came even closer to me and said, "You've never looked more lovely."

I stared at him. What was he saying?

"But more importantly, you're out in the open. Or if not exactly the open—at least your fetish is on display."

I didn't know how to respond. Was he saying that he'd guessed? That he knew what I liked to do when I was all by myself?

Turned out the answer was a dynamic Yes! I didn't realize I'd been so obvious. But every time a package arrived, I would squirrel the wrap away for later use. Private use. I was often more enthusiastic about the wrapping items came in than in the items themselves. Rowan had found my bubble stash in the closet. The fact that my vibrator was on top of the bubbles had given him the ultimate clue.

"I think it's sexy," he said. "But I wasn't sure how to approach you about it. Now, there's no more hiding."

He stripped off his own clothes and joined me amidst the wreckage of my afternoon's exploits. "Show me how you like it," he said. I couldn't believe what a thrill this was. Our sex life to date had been erotic in many ways. I knew he didn't have a problem being adventurous in bed. Or out. But he was asking me to show him precisely what took

me to the higher plane, and I wasn't going to miss this opportunity.

"Do you have a favorite?" he asked, indicating the multitude of bubble sizes.

I shook my head. I didn't care. As long as there was bubble wrap, I was happy.

Rowan helped me unwrap myself. Then I grabbed a fresh sheet of blue bubble wrap and spread the plastic out on the bed. I took an unpopped scarlet sheet with tinier bubbles, and I made a type of cocoon for myself, swathing my body between the two sheets. It was enough to make me stop for a moment and sigh with delirious pleasure.

Rowan sat at my side, watching.

"So you like it all over," he said, nodding. "As if you're sandwiched inside."

I nodded.

"Then what?" he wanted to know.

I slid a hand along the top layer and rested my fingers directly over my split. Rowan watched attentively. I started to dance my fingertips over the bubble wrap. In seconds, my man took over, moving my hand away so that he could touch my pussy for me. But he'd been paying careful attention, and he continued in the same way I had, not stroking my naked skin, but working me through the bubbles. These were the smaller variety of bubbles, delicate, I would even say. Like

VARIATIONS

▸ FETISHISM

champagne bubbles, tiny and with a zing. He pressed on one suddenly—popping the little pillow—and I gasped. He knew what to do without me having to say a word!

That's when I realized: Of course, Rowan was into this. He's a drummer after all. He appreciated the rhythm of the movement, and he didn't have a problem getting into the groove and making my body sing.

Rowan kissed me as he popped the bubbles. He stroked my naked breasts through the wrap. We made out amidst the bubble wrap, and when he ultimately embraced me, we popped hundreds of bubbles in one squeeze. My handsome hunk of a boyfriend was making my fiercest fetish fantasy come true. I didn't think anything could ever top this event.

"Oh, yes," I sighed, unable to stay quiet. "That's so fucking good." Rowan was expanding the stretchy fetish of my X-rated world.

When he rutted against me, he popped several of the rows with his dick. I had never fucked a man while encased in bubble wrap. This had always been my own personal fetish. I learned that afternoon that sharing the joy of the bubble wrap made the activity even more exciting than I'd ever thought. Rowan popped my cherry of taking bubble wrap from a solo act to a couple-friendly encounter. The results were—in a word—explosive.

For the next few months, Rowan and I

grew bolder with our bubble play. Once, when we were at an office supply store, he added one roll of wrap to the cart. I could feel myself growing wet right there in the middle of the big-box store, but Rowan didn't even arch a brow at me. Yet I knew he must've had a plan, and he did. In the car, he had me take off my blouse while he shielded my body from any nearby shoppers. He used the wrap in the car, fashioning me a new shirt out of the sheet, a halter-style bubble-wrap blouse. He entertained himself and delighted me by popping the bubbles on the ride home until the sheet was almost entirely deflated and I was nearly revealed.

We added lubrication to the excitement,

"HIS COCK DROVE AGAINST ME THROUGH A LAYER OF SHIMMERY PLASTIC"

greasing up before wrapping up. The bubbles were more difficult to pop when we were shiny with the lube. We'd end up sliding against them rather than popping them. But that didn't bother us. It simply made the bubbles—and the whole event—last longer.

Then one afternoon, a deliveryman dropped off a large box for me. I watched him carry the package up the pathway, and I noticed that although the parcel was incredibly unwieldy in size, the man didn't seem to have a problem hefting the box. I signed for the parcel, watched the deliveryman depart, and dragged the carton inside. It was light. In fact, it was hard to believe there was anything in the box at all.

I should have known better.

When I sliced through the tape on the outside, and flipped opened the cardboard flaps, I was greeted with oodles of bubble wrap. More colors than I'd ever seen. Every size bubble—from the tiny to the giant—filled the box. I leaned against the wall and stared. That's when my phone rang. It was Rowan. The first thing he said was, "Did it arrive?"

"Yes, Rowan. Oh, yes."

"I'll be right over."

I had already emptied almost the entire carton by the time my man showed up. I'd stretched out the blue bubble wrap, the pink, the lemon, the violet. There were yards of tiny bubbles, larger bubbles, extra-large... Rowan walked in to find me standing in the living room, surrounded by my treasure. This was the most thoughtful gift anyone had ever given me.

"Take off your clothes," he instructed, and I obeyed immediately. While I was stripping, Rowan was spreading out the parcels of bubbles. He created a crafty blanket on the floor, stripes of colored wrap overlapping in interesting patterns. When he was done, the creation looked almost like a modern-art quilt. A masterpiece of bubble wrap. Then he had me lie down on the carpet of bubbles, and he covered my torso with a layer of the tiny bubble wrap.

Rowan quickly tore off his own clothes and joined me in the popping nirvana. When he rolled over, bubbles squeaked and popped. When he pressed against me, the friction of our bodies made more bubbles explode. Sometimes, however, the bubbles remained intact. We'd slide against the shiny surface, not popping, but pressing on the pockets of





air. I liked that feeling, too.

I found myself growing more excited with each passing second. I could sense how turned on Rowan was, as well. His cock butted against me through the wrap. My pussy juices were making the bubble wrap wet. Even before he entered me, his hard cock drove against me through a layer of the shimmery plastic.

Rowan wrapped my mid-section in a sheet of the larger bubbles. Then he used his fingers to tear a hole at the perfect spot. I shut my eyes. The sound of the plastic ripping was exciting to me, but not as thrilling as when he thrust into me through the opening in the plastic. The bubbles really started to pop then as Rowan began to fuck me fiercely. Our sweaty skin made seductive, sticky noises as our body temperatures rose.

Rowan brought a hand down to stroke my clit through the bubbles as he fucked me. I've been fingered through rubber gloves before. And a boyfriend once jerked me off through a clear shower curtain. Trust me when I say that bubble wrap is different. The bubbles were fine here, the tiniest ones. So as he stroked me, he managed to pop off a few of the cushions of air. The feeling was so strangely sublime. I made hissing noises under my breath, hoping he'd understand that the noise was meant as encouragement. He did. He got me off in almost no time. The whole event was such a turn-on to me, I couldn't hold out. I kept my eyes closed during my climax, listening as the bubbles popped. Rowan's knowing fingers popped and rubbed until I tumbled right over the edge. I knew he hadn't climaxed yet. I could still feel the hard throb of his dick inside me. I wondered if he'd grip me tightly and finish in my pussy.

But Rowan seemed to have other plans.

When the orgasm subsided, Rowan pulled out and rolled me over. With his help, I got on my hands and knees on the bubble wrap. I felt the cushiony quality of the multitude of bubbles. So this was what it must feel like to be a piece of precious china! Rowan tore the

plastic sheeting to accommodate him in this new position.

Soon he was fucking me doggy-style. Each time his hips slapped against my backside, bubbles ruptured. I felt as if I would come apart, too. The pleasure was almost too extreme. Rowan pulled me upright, and he began to rub the bubbles that were right over my nipples. I looked down and saw his fingertips caressing the bubble wrap, pinching the bubbles instead of my nipples. The image burned hot and bright inside me. What was being touched? What was popping? Rowan's cock continued to thrust through the hole in the wrap.

"I'm coming," I told him when I reached my apex. "Oh, I'm coming."

Again, he let me ride out the bliss of my climax without joining me. I couldn't figure out why he was withholding. At least, not until he had me on my back once more. Then I watched as he jacked his hand along his shaft and climaxed in a wave over my bubble-wrapped body. I saw the semen decorating the stretchy plastic. I traced my fingers through the liquid, and I sighed.

Rowan grinned at me. "You're stunning like that," he said. "Don't move." Then he got a wicked look in his eyes. In seconds, he made sure I couldn't move, binding my wrists loosely with a strip of the wrap. I could have torn my way free, but I didn't want to.

I stayed still as Rowan fucked me again, letting me enjoy the lingering hardness of his resilient cock. A light breeze through the open window stirred the bubble wrap that we weren't holding down with our body weight. The very sound of the plastic sheets rustling was a dirty melody to me.

Rowan and I ground against each other, popping the bubbles as I approached my biggest climax of the evening. With a final triumphant pop, I came again, and then he tore the wrap from my wrists and we relaxed against the bubble-wrap comforter, totally used up.

At least I was. I lay there, panting, but

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Rowan surprised me. He went to grab the box from the hallway. I didn't know what he had planned. I was all popped out. That's when he dug down deep through the layers and came up with a small envelope made of plastic wrap.

While I watched, he got down on one knee amidst the wreckage of our fetish. I found myself blushing as pink as the wrap he'd brought me.

"Zoe, will you be my wife and bubble queen?" he asked.

He popped the question amidst the popped wrap!

Of course, I said, "Oh, yes!" The bubble wrap popped loudly beneath my feet as I jumped up and down in excitement. This time the sound of applause was sublime—perfect for the occasion.



VARIATIONS

▷ DOMINANT SEXPLAY

OH, HENRY!

Henry and Alexa's sultry BDSM celebration gives new meaning to starting your birthday with a bang.

By Alexa Charles

Blow out the candles!"

"Make a wish!"

"A good wish," someone shouted.

"A dirty wish," I said to myself as I moved through the crowd. "A dirty, filthy, kinky wish."

There was a cacophony of jubilant encouragement as Henry watched me set the triple-tiered vanilla birthday cake in front of him. The cake was covered in intricate roses and filled with rich raspberry frosting. I'd bought "3" and "0" candles and placed them right in the center. Henry hesitated for a moment, taking in the way the cake looked. 30 is a big event. I wanted to make the evening memorable on every level.

All of our closest friends crowded around the table. Henry was absolutely in his element, the star of the show, all eyes on him. The candlelight played over his handsome jaw, his strong brow. In the glow, his blue eyes looked almost black.

"Come on, Henry!" our friend Jackie said. "That cake looks delicious! Make a wish already. I want a piece." The room was lit solely by candlelight. My bangs fell in front of my eyes, creating a blonde curtain that I peeked through. I watched the pretty red candles dripping wax down their sides.

Like Jackie, I couldn't wait for Henry to blow out the candles, too. Not because I wanted any of the cake, but because I wanted to cut the cake and feed the guests. Then I wanted the guests to leave. I had bought Henry the sexiest gifts I could find—and I was desperate for a little bit of privacy so that we could use the presents together.

Henry inhaled in an exaggerated manner, then blew out the candles. He cut and served the cake to our waiting friends while I gazed longingly at the pile of presents on the breakfront. There were those bought for him by the guests, and then there were the ones wrapped in glossy black-and-silver paper, a plethora of items that I had purchased at a local sex-toy store. Although nobody would have guessed from the shapes, my gifts

included a set of handcuffs, a blindfold, a bottle of lube, and a shiny black paddle. Henry and I had dabbled in erotic power play in the past, but we didn't own any of the accoutrements. For his 30th, I thought he'd appreciate a little kink with his cake. (Or, in this case, after his cake.)

How right I was.

Of course, Henry had no inkling of what I'd bought him or what I had planned for the post-party activities. What would he think when he saw the blindfold? How would he react when he pulled out the paddle? The

"I PICTURED HENRY WITH HIS BACK TO THE WALL, STRIPPED, & BLINDFOLDED"

party had seemed like a good idea when I'd initially planned it, but now the event felt ill-timed on my part. When would we be alone? I fantasized about being unspeakably rude and demanding that all the guests leave. *You have to go! I have sex toys to try out! Shoo!*

Thankfully—remarkably—I was able to hold my tongue. But my pussy grew wetter throughout the evening. Every time I passed by the table holding the gifts. I pictured Henry with his back to the wall, stripped entirely, cuffs on his wrists, blindfold in place. In my fantasy, I was on my knees in front of him, bobbing on his cock, bestowing a brilliant birthday blowjob before blistering the birthday boy's behind with the new paddle. Or maybe I would spank him first, and then

blow him. Which would he appreciate more? I couldn't decide. Each image made me equally aroused.

Finally, I could wait no longer. My pussy was a lake unto itself. A girl can only take so much mental foreplay before spilling over. "Excuse me, pardon me, excuse me," I said politely, as I snaked my way into the crowd. "I need to borrow the birthday boy." I grabbed Henry by the hand and took him with me to a far corner of the living room where I was sure none of our guests could possibly hear us. We probably looked like happy lovers engaged in a little sweet talk. Surreptitiously, I handed him the smallest of the presents. "Open this," I said. "Where nobody can see you."

Henry raised his eyebrows at me. "What tricks have you got up your sleeve, Alexa?" he asked me.

"Who, me?" I shrugged with mock innocence, indicating I had no sleeves at all in my sparkling sheath.

My heart racing, I returned to mingling with our friends. Henry went into the kitchen by himself. I knew he'd be opening the present to reveal a small bottle of lube. When he found me in the living room, he bent to kiss me right behind my ear. "I lube you, too," he teased. "What else do you have in store for me?"

Right then, a friend from Henry's office clinked two glasses together and began to give a speech. While he expounded on Henry's different positive traits—as well as a few of his more charming idiosyncrasies—I snagged another present. There was a burst of applause, and then our friends returned to drinking and partying.

I took Henry aside again, and this time, I handed him the flat rectangular box containing the handcuffs. He went into the kitchen to open the present on his own, but he found me quickly afterward, and he whispered, "Bad girl."

I flushed.

"How many more presents are there, Alexa? Because look what these first two did



VARIATIONS

▷ DOMINANT SEXPLAY



to me." He gripped my hand and placed my palm against the bulge in his black slacks. My knees went weak. We were surrounded by all of our closest friends, and Henry had a hard-on that needed my attention.

"You'll find out after everyone leaves," I assured him.

"I can't wait," he said, and from the look on his face, I understood he meant the statement literally. "I'll combust if I have to wait another minute. Come with me." He took me into our guest room and locked the door behind him. He had the cuffs, and he had the lube.

"Henry! Everyone's still here."

"They won't miss us," he assured me. Suddenly, I found myself cuffed and tossed onto our guest bed. Henry had the lube bottle open, and he was slicking up his dick while I watched. "Henry!" I said again. I was shocked. I'd thought I was going to disperse the presents in a seductive, yet orderly fashion. I'd thought I was going to cuff Henry and blow him while he begged for release. Clearly, my man had ideas of his own. Sexy, sultry, sensuous ideas.

In seconds, he had me on my stomach, thighs spread. I felt his cock probing my pussy, and I groaned.

"Shhh," he hissed. "You don't want our guests to know what a naughty little fuck you are, do you?"

I bit my bottom lip to stay quiet. Henry slid his cock into me. "Oh, you're so wet," he sighed. "Why are you so wet?"

"Because I've been fantasizing about this moment all evening."

"This?" he asked. "Exactly this?"

"Well Okay." I said more to the pillow than to Henry. "Maybe something slightly different." He started to fuck me at a fast pace. The handcuff chain rattled as I squirmed on the mattress. Henry pinned me with his weight, and he started to work me harder and faster. I was breathless, so wet I could hardly believe it, when Henry said, "What other gifts did you buy me?"

"You'll have to wait and see," I said, my voice hoarse and raw.

"I hope you bought me a paddle," he said. "Because I am going to give you a serious spanking for being such a cocktease tonight."

I felt my cheeks go hot. I looked over my shoulder at Henry. His black hair was combed back from his forehead, and his

“IN SECONDS, HE HAD ME ON MY STOMACH WITH MY THIGHS SPREAD”



jaw was set with a delicious dominating determination. His collar was open to reveal a bit of his broad naked chest beneath. I'd never seen him look sexier. When he caught my expression, he winked at me. He was definitely enjoying himself, which sent a wave of happiness through me. Henry ground against me and then reached a hand beneath my body, playing with my swollen clit in the way he knows I like best. He stroked me with his thumb, then pinched my clit between his thumb and forefinger. I was in heaven, writhing under him. Why had I thought I'd cuff him? Wearing the cuffs myself was much sexier.

Henry slammed into me with the fiercest thrust yet, and he matched the move with one well-timed tug on my clit. I came like a wildfire. The power of the orgasm robbed me of my breath, my sense of speech, my very thoughts. I felt as if I might never move again, paralyzed by the pleasure. Henry reached his own limit a beat after, and then he pulled out and tucked himself back into his slacks, all lovely and sticky from my juices. I rolled over and looked at him through lust-glazed eyes.

"Pull yourself together so we can get our guests to leave," he said, and he headed to the door.

Guests. I'd forgotten all about them. It's amazing what an unexpected orgasm can do to you. I pushed myself to a sitting position and realized with a start that he couldn't leave me like this. "Henry," I said, rattling the cuffs. "Don't forget about me!" What would our friends think if I wandered back into the party with handcuffs on? How could I explain that? I couldn't even imagine.

He grinned at me. He hadn't forgotten. I held the cuffs in front of his face, and he unlocked them and told me not to put them away. "We'll be using those babies again later," he said. "And by later, I mean as soon as I can get everyone the fuck out of here."

Henry took charge, doing all the things hosts do when they want stray guests to depart. He turned off the music, brewed a pot of strong coffee and corked the wine bottles. As our friends began to filter out of the apartment, he met my eyes several times and gave me looks of such intense sexuality that I was thrilled to my core. Finally, we said our good-byes to the last of our guests, and Henry waited for me to bring him the remainder of his gifts. I had a flash again—Henry out of his white shirt and black slacks, his cock straining upward, my lipstick smearing on his skin as I tried my best to deep-throat every last inch of him.

I gave him the rest of his presents, which he opened one by one. As he placed each item in front of him, I found myself growing aroused all over again. I watched him toy with the different devices. The paddle looked remarkably comfortable in his hand. When he delivered a mock smack in the air, I actually sucked in my breath. Henry shot me a curious look. Then he asked, "For me or for you, baby?"

"What do you mean?"

"When you bought these gifts, who did you envision on the receiving end?"

I found that I was whispering as I said the word, "You." The thing is I knew it was a lie as the word left my lips.

"Really?" Henry asked me. "You actually

thought you would cuff me?"

I stifled a giggle. Had I really thought that my big, burly boyfriend would bare his butt for me? Perhaps all along I'd known that I'd be the one bending over for him. I'd told myself a fairy tale, a make-believe story because I wasn't ready to confront my own dirty desires. Besides, if the toys were supposed to be used on me, then would they really count as birthday presents for my beau?

"I don't know," I said honestly. "I just had the urge to buy them."

"I like urges like that," Henry said. "What do you have the urge to do now?"

What did I want to do? I wanted to bend over the table and pull my dress up in back. I wanted Henry to cuff me, blindfold me and spank me until I was sore. Then I wanted him to fuck all the pain away. I felt heat rush to my cheeks as I tried to figure out how to put those carnal concepts into words.

Luckily for me, Henry didn't need to hear me state my desires. "I'd like to make one more birthday wish," he said, "before we take this to the next level."

I went to bring the last slice of cake to the table, and I re-lit the big "3" and "0" candles. Staring into my eyes, Henry blew out the candles. My pussy contracted at the way he was gazing at me. He didn't have to offer any instruction. I sat in his lap and let him put the black velvet blindfold on me. Then he cuffed my wrists together once more. Immediately, my whole world changed. I was in the darkness, but seated on Henry's strong lap. He kissed me, sending sparkles of lust and desire winging throughout my whole body.

VARIATIONS

▷ DOMINANT SEXPLAY

After the noise and chaos of the party, being blindfolded and quiet on Henry's lap was undeniably thrilling.

In the velvety darkness created by the blindfold, I felt an unexpected appreciation for my other senses. We had entered a new portion of the evening's erotic events.

"You bought me such fabulous presents," Henry said. "And now you're going to make my real birthday wish come true. Because I'm going to spank that pretty ass of yours and then I'm going to fuck it. And I'll bet you're going to come like you never have before."

"Oh, Henry," I sighed.

"Would you like that?" he asked before he kissed me. I felt as if I were slowly dissolving into him. As excited as I'd been at the prospect of trying out my new BDSM gear on Henry, I discovered I was even more aroused by the opposite—the concept of having the items used on myself.

"You'll have to earn the ass-fucking," he said. "You won't let me down."

"I won't," I promised. "What do you want me to do?"

"I'm turning 30," he said. "So I think you should take 30 smacks on that perfect ass of yours."

I was dripping from the concept. I wriggled in his lap and felt that Henry was equally excited. His re-energized dick throbbed in his slacks. He let me squirm against him for a moment before he stood me up and pulled my panties down. Unsteadily, I stepped out of them. Now, I was only in my silver sleeveless dress, t-strap shoes, cuffs, and blindfold.

Henry positioned me exactly how he wanted me, belly down on our table with my arms over my head. He yanked up the hem of my dress, exposing my heart-shaped ass. Then he petted the globes of my rear end, as if to lull me into relaxing before he began

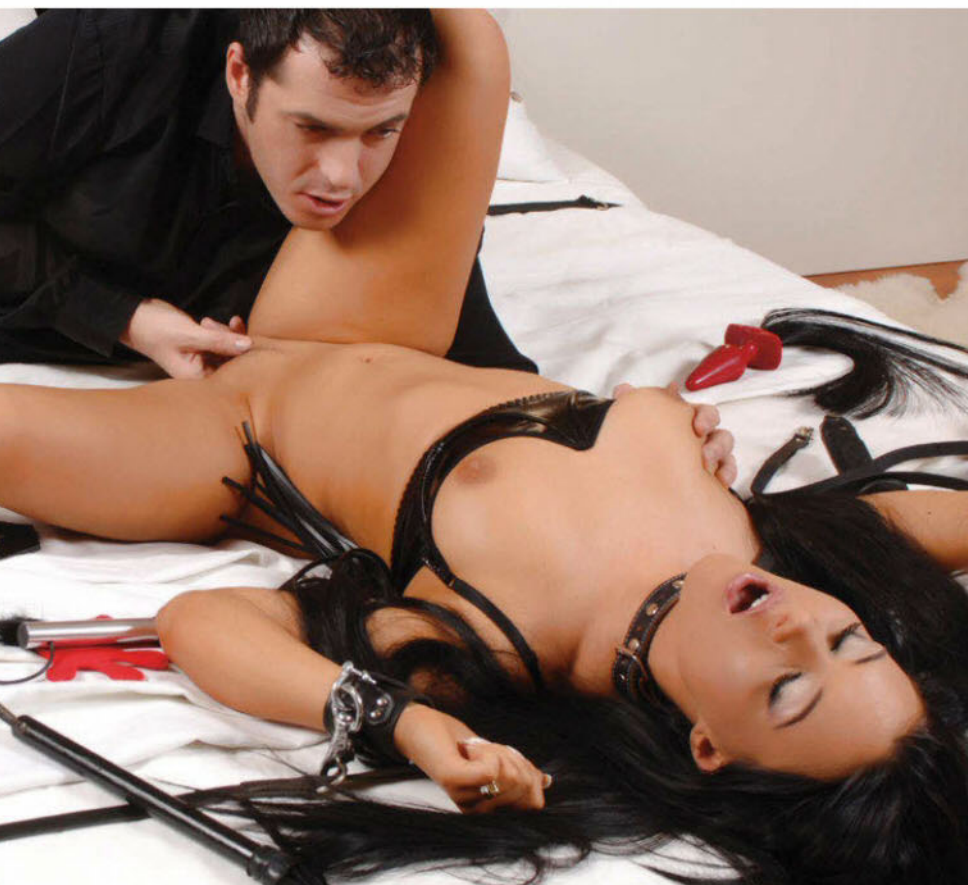
the main event. The trick worked. I was practically purring under the warm caress of his palm on my naked skin. Henry used both hands to gently part my ass cheeks, and he touched his thumb to my anus. I was ready. He could dip his prick into my pussy, gather up the copious dew on his cockhead, and then spear my asshole with his thick dick, if he wanted to.

But Henry had promised a spanking, and a spanking is what he gave me. Turned out, what he'd promised was far more decadent than the birthday cake I'd served him earlier. Henry landed the paddle on my ass with a swish and a crack. He followed the first with a series of smacks alternating from one cheek to the other. I balled my hands into fists and worked to hold my body steady.

Pausing the punishment, Henry thrust a hand between my thighs and stroked my pussy, touching my clit with his middle finger and pointer together. I bit my lip and lay my head on the table, giving up any last semblance of decorum. Feign indifference while my man played with my pussy? Not this party girl. I felt the pleasure swelling inside me. If he kept manhandling me like that, I was going to come on the antique lace tablecloth covering our dining room table.

That seemed to be Henry's desire. He made tight circling motions right over my clit, and I cried out. The delicious way in which he touched me was almost too much to take. Almost, but not quite.

He resumed the spanking—obviously keeping track of the numbers in his mind—before touching me harder, rotating his fingertips over my pulsing button. Then he



**"HENRY LANDED
A PADDLE ON MY
ASS WITH A
SWISH AND A
CRACK"**



withdrew his hand and pressed his hips forward so that I could feel his hard-on through his dress slacks.

Come on, Henry. Let me climax! What's one "O" between lovers? Break the rules. Let me come! But no, once more he hefted the paddle and spanked my ass fiercely. With my wrists cuffed and the blindfold in place, I felt almost as if I were one of Henry's wrapped presents. He was counting under his breath, hitting me with a few soft swats in between more serious smacks.

"You look so lovely," Henry said, and he set the paddle down and moved so he could kiss me. "Vulnerable," he added before kissing me again. A rush of desire flared through me, from the tips of my painted toes all the way to the place where I could feel the blindfold buckled beneath my hair. "Submissive," he finished, before gripping my wrists in his hands. He got me to a point in which I was

arching my back so that my ass met his hand. I was sighing under my breath. That's when Henry picked up the paddle and finished the spanking.

When he reached 30, he dropped the paddle and I heard him squirting lube on his hand. I felt the slickness next as Henry oiled up my backdoor. Then I felt his cock.

Henry was like steel as he fucked me. I couldn't remember him ever feeling larger or harder. He held open my ass cheeks and plowed into me, and I keened long and low under my breath, feeling the flutters in my pussy as a new monster of an orgasm built inside me. I was floating on the sensation of being filled in the back, loving how everything seemed more powerful in the darkness. Inwardly, I was grateful that I was the one who got to experience Henry's new gifts, even if he'd turned the idea of my surprise presents upside down.

With a mighty groan, Henry reached his final throes and filled my ass with his come. I shivered beneath him and climaxed on the end of his orgasm. I felt as if I were in a dream, a fabulous, erotic dream. A wish come true.

Henry unfastened the cuffs and pulled my blindfold free. "Best party, best birthday, and best presents ever," Henry told me before planting a kiss on my lips. I couldn't have agreed more. I was still almost too fucked to speak. "And you know what?" Henry continued. "Your birthday is next month..."

"Yes, it is," I agreed. He looked at me with a sheepish grin I wasn't accustomed to seeing on his handsome face.

"Who knows which one of us will get the birthday spanking that night..."

That is how we started a BDSM birthday tradition, which I'm sure we'll celebrate for years to... come.



VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

IN HIS JEANS

A I wore those sweet, well-worn jeans I love. We were supposed to be hitting the home-improvement store, the grocery store, and the auto store. A whole string of errands to keep us busy on this brilliant, autumn Sunday.

I tried not to notice the way the faded fly hugged his cock. The way the back pockets stretched perfectly across his ass.

"You okay?"

"Fine."

"We need the lumber first, so I'm going around the back of the store."

I nodded, saying nothing.

When we pulled behind the home-improvement store where the lumber was stacked, I saw the area was deserted. Most people were bustling in and out the front door, already buying snow shovels and fire pits, ice-melting agents, and fall-hardy plants. I glanced around, searching with a faint glimmer of dread for other people. And thankfully, I found not a single one.

Al walked to a neat pile of two-by-fours. The smell of sawdust filled my head, and I kept my eyes on his ass. The flex of his thighs. The way the jeans fit him almost like a second skin but not quite. Form-fitting but not tight. Definitely not skinny jeans. Just old-school, red-tagged classics that happened to make my husband look like a Greek god.

When I followed close behind, he absentmindedly grabbed my hand. "I think we'll need eight," he said.

I nodded as if I knew or cared.

"And I think we also need to go inside and get some screws and some mulch and..."

His voice had become a distant murmur to me. When he bent to grab the wood, I grabbed his ass. He straightened quickly, barking laughter. "What are you doing?"

"Touching your ass," I said with a mouth that didn't seem to belong to me. Not exactly—I heard my own voice as if from far away.

"Well, I can feel that. But why?" He cocked an eyebrow, his bright green eyes studying me.

I stood on tiptoe and kissed him. After a moment, I pushed my tongue into his mouth, deepening the kiss.

"What's gotten into you?" But he sounded amused, and yes, at that point seriously turned on.

Good. It gave me the opening to brush my palm across his cock. It was starting to grow hard. "Jeans," I babbled. "Your jeans got into me."

"These jeans?"

"These jeans," I said rubbing him to a full erection through his pants. His mouth hung open in surprise, and the scene would have been comical—almost—if I hadn't been so aroused.

"I had no idea."

"You're sure?" Even as I asked, I drew his zipper down and slid my hand into the opening. I carefully breached his boxer briefs and took his fully hard cock into my hand.

I popped his erection through the opening and stroked him until he made that noise—

"I WIGGLED MY TONGUE THROUGH HIS OPEN FLY & TICKLED HIS BALLS"

that deep, gruff noise I love so much.

"Stay still," I said, leaning close. "Keep your eyes open. Pay attention. Watch for people."

As he opened his mouth to ask me what I meant, I answered him without words. I dropped to my knees in the sawdust on the busted-up macadam and sucked him into my mouth.

I played my tongue along his length, careful to draw the rigid tip along the thick vein that ran along the underside of his cock. I wiggled my tongue through his open fly and tickled his balls until I felt the muscles in his thigh go rigid beneath the palm of my hand.

I paused and mumbled around him. "Are you watching?"

"Watching you or watching for people?" he

asked, sounding breathless.

"For people."

"I'm trying!"

I smiled, my mouth still stuffed full of him, and resumed my oral ministrations. I tongued the top of his cock, gathering sweet pre-come from his glistening slit. I sucked him deep, kissed him, lapped at his cock like it was an ice-cream cone. I smelled the cotton and salty smell of him. The rich musk of man. The laundry detergent we washed our clothes with.

Running my fist up and down his slick shaft, I put all my need and desire into kissing his cock. Licking him over and over before sucking hard and then sucking soft. Somewhere in there, I'd wormed my hand down into my beat-up, errand-running joggers. I pushed my hand into my panties and began to stroke myself as I sucked him off.

I heard him groan. "You're touching yourself," he said.

"You're not supposed to be watching me," I said, flicking his cockhead with my tongue.

"You're supposed to be watching for people."

"I'm trying," he said, voice husky with lust.

"But I can't help it. You're touching yourself."

"I can't help it either," I confessed, shoving two fingers into my pussy. I went back to sucking him, my other hand traveling up and down his shaft over and over. My rhythm was getting more and more desperate as I grew closer to my own release.

Far off voices sounded, and we both froze for a moment. Al shook his head, his hands on my hair now. His jaw was tight, and his eyes were wide. "No one," he said. "Just voices carrying."

The brief scare had ignited me even more. I went back to him with a fresh vigor. Drawing my mouth down to his root, I sucked him hard, filling my throat with him and then skating my lips and teeth and tongue back up to the tip. Sucking that until he whimpered in the most manly way.

He was holding my head, thrusting into my willing mouth. Fucking my face. "I'm not going to last," he said. "You're killing me."

I stroked myself faster, pushed my fingers into my cunt, drove my digits against my G-spot. I matched his whimper with a moan, and the vibration must have rumbled up through him because he groaned.

He drove into me then, taking control—



taking my mouth and my throat as I swiped my tongue along the silken skin of his cock. I came with a muffled cry, and that did him in. I felt the hot spurt of his come on my tongue; the salty-ocean flavor flooded my mouth.

A truck approached, crunching gravel, and he looked down. "Stand up. We're not alone anymore."

We got a curious glance from the driver, but then the man went on his way. We hurriedly put ourselves back together, and Al pulled me toward him by the front of my hoodie, kissing the taste of him off my lips.

"So... wood, mulch, and I forget the rest..."

"Yes. Whatever you want," I said, patting his ass and kissing him once more. "After all, you are the man in the magic jeans."

"My new favorite jeans," he said and smiled.

-Ms. Marcie W., Virginia Beach, Virginia

ON DISPLAY

I helped set up the museum displays. I was the assistant to the designer, and I often stayed behind to finish up when he took off for the night. The evening I gave in to my secret fantasy, there was only me and a single security guard in the gaping maw of the building. Personnel had been cut back due to budget restrictions, and I'd

gotten to know the several guards who were occasionally assigned the night shift.

That night it was Caleb. Ex-military, large and broad, with a crew cut and an easy smile. I'd had a crush—a little more than a crush, maybe—for a few weeks. As I worked arranging some dry, weathered logs for a diorama, I felt a familiar swirling energy in my stomach. I'd only given in to this one particular fantasy a handful of times, but it was running through my mind that night.

We were alone. There were no cameras in this section, and I liked him.

I wanted him to see me.

I glanced at the clock. I had about twenty minutes before Caleb's routine brought him into my neck of the museum. I put the finishing touches on some of the tall grass and figured the rest could wait. I stripped down to nothing, feeling the ghostly kiss of the forced air from the heating unit brush across my skin. My nipples grew hard and tingled.

I walked the display utterly nude. The glass was an invisible barrier between me and the rest of the world. I pretended it was my protection. That I was safe to do this. Safe to explore my desires.

The harsh lights warmed my bare skin. I didn't have on a stitch of clothes, but I wasn't cold. My anticipation and slight anxiety were probably helping with that, too.

I slid my hand down my belly, my sides, along my hips. Finally, I brushed it over my

mound, allowing myself one tiny press of my fingertip to my clit. Pleasure leapt in my blood, and my breath whooshed out of me.

I still had time to kill. I had to wait. Or so I'd thought. I caught a glimpse of a shadow beyond the glare on the glass. The wide shoulders and the sure stance. Caleb.

I didn't let myself think about anything, despite the fact that my hands were trembling. I draped myself along the length of the tree branches. They were pushed together to form a "V" and were, despite their condition, fairly stable. I positioned myself so that Caleb could see everything.

Stroking my body slowly, I started at my nipples, pinching and tugging so that the wetness between my thighs increased. I wriggled to get the friction I craved, heard my own hitch of breath at the resultant wave of pleasure. I skated my fingers down my sides and brushed feathery fingertips over my mound. I parted my thighs, hoping he could see the glistening flesh I felt was surely there.

I was wet, terribly wet. The feel of his gaze on me acted as a third hand. I swore I could feel it sweeping along my skin. I stroked my wet fingertip across my clit, feeling small curls and blips of pleasure that wound magnificently together inside my cunt.

I pushed two fingers deep, grinding that sensitive nub against the palm of my hand. Fucking myself. Working my G-spot so that my body seemed flooded with heat and want.

I glanced his way for a moment. I saw the

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pale starfish of a single hand pressed to the glass. He'd moved closer to get a better view.

My skin pebbled with goosebumps to know he was there. I slid around a little more to make sure he could witness every plunge of my fingers into my pussy. I was drenched and needed more. I added a third finger, slamming my hips up to manipulate my clit.

**“I WAS LOST IN
THE VISION IN MY
HEAD OF THIS
MAN COMING IN
TO THE DISPLAY”**

I was panting for air, my free hand going to the other nipple to pinch and tug and tweak. My hips started to rock upward. I was lost in the vision in my head of this man coming in to the display. I pictured him fucking me on the old wood among the tall grass, under this false, brilliant sky.

When I looked up again, the other hand was pressed to the glass. I could see the phantom image of his face on the other side.

I pulled my fingers free and brushed them across my lips, tasting myself. Pushing him a little further. Teasing him. Wanting him to come in here and do to me the things I was doing to myself.

Putting both hands between my legs this time, I shoved my fingers back in my cunt and strummed my clit mercilessly. I wanted to come. No matter what happened, I needed to come with him standing there, my not-so-captive captive audience.

I thrust my hips up and drove my fingers deeper. Every entry of my fingers rubbed my G-spot, every revolution of my fingers on my clit brought me closer to climax. When I

looked up again, I could see his face. Close to the glass, eyes wide.

The sight did me in. I pinched my clit, and then tugged it. I stopped for a second, feeling the absence of stimulation. I let my heart get itself under control, and then I went right back to it, the brief pause only serving to push me higher, faster.

I came with a cry, biting my lip hard. I tossed my head, my hair falling like a curtain across my face so that I lost sight of him, but I could feel him there.

I heard a noise at the far end of the display and looked up. Caleb stood there, eyes a little glazed.

“Hi,” he said.

“Hi, Caleb.” I sat up, pushing my hair out of my face.

“Need any help?” he asked, his jaw set tight with what could only be the urge to control himself.

I parted my legs, angled in his direction. I smiled. “I think I do. I think I could use an extra hand tonight.”

—Name and address withheld



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VARIATIONS

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PULP FRICTION

I first spotted her in the Self-Help section. She'd arrived on a Monday and smiled shyly when I checked her out, but he kept her eyes on me as she walked toward the exit. The moment she disappeared, I headed to that section, found the book she'd purchased and skimmed some of the highlights: Moving forward, getting over being a dumpee, embracing adventure and change. However, the chapter heading that caught my eye was "Sex with a Stranger."

I could be that stranger. I was more than willing to fill that role. I remembered how her eyes had stayed on me well past the point where I'd handed her a receipt, and how they'd stayed on me from outside the store. She'd stared through the glass of the front window until she lost her nerve and finally looked away, hurrying down the sidewalk.

The only problem with being the stranger was this: I didn't know her name. She'd paid cash. I had no idea how to get in touch with her. The only thing I could do was wait. If she wanted me to be her stranger, she'd come back.

Wednesday, just after my shift started, the front door's bell jingled. I was alone, as I always was on weekdays. Sales didn't warrant more than one employee on shift any days but Saturday and Sunday. It's a small indie bookstore and struggling as most are.

I looked up to see her waltzing in. She had on a flowy tie-dyed black-and-gray skirt, an artsy, draped tank the color of cabernet and silver sandals. She smiled at me, her cheeks

heating. I could see the color there. I gave her a nod and managed to say, "Nice to see you again."

"I forgot to look for another book I was interested in."

"Can I tempt you with a cup of coffee? Local. Strong. Fantastic. It's on the house."

I got a very coy incline of her head as an answer. Her curtain of yellow-blond hair slipped to hide one of her big blue eyes.

I handed over a cup of coffee, let her doctor it to her taste, and then I retreated behind the counter. She'd have to let me know if I was reading her right.

I watched her drift down the aisle like a ghost and then did my best to focus on the music playing over the speaker system. I gave her a few minutes to browse, and when I went back she was bent at the waist, searching the lower shelves. Her coffee cup was resting on the floor. The front of her wine-colored tank gaped open, and I could see the sway of her breasts, unbound by any bra, and the flat of her belly. I could see so far down the thing, I spotted the waistband of her skirt below.

"Can I..." I cleared my throat. "Need any help?"

She looked up and flashed me a smile along with her tits. "Just looking while I'm here. Seeing if anything jumps out."

Like the tight pink buds of her nipples? But I didn't say that. I just watched. She made no move to hide the show she was giving me.

I moved in, and she didn't straighten. She was, in fact, bent so far over that when I moved closer, her mouth was almost level with my zipper. My cock twitched, and my

pulse thumped wildly with excitement.

She raised her eyes to me, but that was all. She still stayed bent over at the waist that way. When I smiled at her, she drew a thin finger along the length of my zipper. "But if you'd really like to help me. I have an item to scratch off my to-do list."

I nodded dumbly. "Sure." My cock was coming to life beneath that single-fingered stroke.

"Can you lock the front door? Are we alone?"

"I can, and we are."

She nodded, stood, and took my hand. She placed it on her breast, and when I reflexively squeezed, she let her eyes drift shut, moaning. "Door..."

I moved on feet that didn't feel quite present. I turned the lock and flipped the sign to "Back in 10." We used it often for breaks when a sole person was on-shift.

I found her where I'd left her—long hippie skirt lifted, sans panties, and waiting. "Hurry," she said. Then she laughed. "Before I lose my nerve."

I moved in, already working my zipper and then the button of my jeans. When I got close enough, she dropped to her knees, knocked my hand away, got me free and sucked my cock into her hot, wet mouth. I put my hands in her corn-silk hair and thrust between her lips until she was breathless. My dick wet with her spit, she took it in hand and stroked me until I had to start doing math in my head. I didn't want to come too soon and ruin her fantasy. Her adventure.

She stood and leaned her ass against the wall-mounted shelving and drew me in by my dick. She kissed me in a desperately needy way, and then she took me, running my cockhead along her soaking-wet slit. She arched and mewled, making noises that shut down all of my rational thought.

I finally grabbed her hips and entered her, just a few inches. When she stilled, looking me right in the eye like a challenge, I took a deep breath and jammed my dick into her. The root of my cock kissed her damp pussy, the soft skin a torturously good sensation.

"That's what I needed," she said, letting her eyes drift shut.

I started to move in and out of her. Her drenched cunt gripped me. I didn't even know her name. Didn't know if I'd ever see

“I FELT HER COMING, MILKING MY COCK. HER HANDS STRAYED TO HER NIPPLES”

her again. But none of it mattered. I was the stranger. It was an honor to be the fulfillment of a fantasy.

I held her hips, kissing her neck and then contorting myself to reach her nipples with my mouth while keeping my cock buried inside her. I bit the exposed halo of flesh, tugged it with my teeth, and when I felt her go tight and ripple around my dick, I began fucking her in earnest. I pinned her to the hard wood, books tumbling around us as I bucked. She raised her hips to greet me thrust for thrust. She squeezed her pussy tight around me on purpose; I could tell by the serious look on her face.

She moved like a wave, and her damp heat invaded my senses. I could feel her, see her, smell her. Her head tipped back, and she let out a short but shocked “Oh!”

I felt her coming, milking my cock. Her hands strayed to her nipples, exposed by her disheveled tank. I gave her a few more hard thrusts, and then let go, crying out against her shoulder.

She straightened herself and smiled. Then thrust a book at me. “Can I pay for this?”

“Sure. Sure...” I was barely able to string words together.

I rang her up, gave her a receipt and handed her the bag. “Thanks. Have a nice day.”

“You, too,” she said. Then she was gone. I watched her disappear into the pedestrian traffic, realizing I never had gotten her name and hoping against hope that one of her self-help books had a chapter titled “Revisiting the Stranger.”

—Name and address withheld

NAUGHTY NEIGHBORS

I met Cecilia when her grocery bag split on the stairs of our apartment building. I'd seen her around, and I'd admired her long, dark hair and her toned legs. But I'd never said much. I'm more than a bit on the shy side. But it's hard not to have a formal introduction after you've wrangled rolling oranges and cans of tuna.

“Jesus, thanks,” she said, taking the loot I'd managed to gather. “I ask for paper because it's environmentally friendly, but it's not so good at not splitting after getting damp in the rain.”

“You walked from the market?” I asked. “Because that bag wasn't damp. It was soaked.”

She nodded. “Yeah, my car's in the shop. It was only two bags, so I figured what the hell. Hey,” she paused at the door to her place. “Want to come in for a drink? My way of saying thanks. I've seen you around. You don't seem like an axe murderer.”

I laughed, glancing down at my shredded fishnet stockings and my short black skirt. I made a show of examining my combat boots and my denim jacket. “Not really any place to hide an axe on me, ya know?”

“Exactly.” She grinned and nudged the door open with her hip. Then she wagged her eyebrows at me. “Well, come on then. I

have wine, beer or harder stuff if you'd like.”

“Beer's good,” I said. I followed her into her small apartment. The decor was funky but neat.

I followed her into the kitchenette, and she dumped her bags. Cecilia grabbed two beers and opened them. We clinked bottles. “To pretty girls who rescue my oranges and on-sale tuna fish.”

I blushed, feeling heat invade my cheeks in an instant. “No problem. Everyone needs to keep ahold of their on-sale tuna fish.”

“I've seen you running,” she said.

I blinked. “You have?”

“Yeah, a view of the track is right out my bedroom window. Come see.”

I followed her, unable to keep my gaze from drifting to her perfect ass in her tight jeans. I looked out and saw that she did indeed have a clear view of the track where I jog.

“I like the socks you wear.”

“No wonder you've seen me. They're so bright, you could probably spot most of them from space,” I joked.

“I have to confess... I look for you,” she said, wagging her eyebrows.

“You do?”

“I like pretty girls in motion.” Cecilia grinned.

My face went from warm to hot.

She sauntered back out to the kitchen. I followed. “You looked a bit nervous in there.”



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"I... um... no... I've seen you, too," I blurted. "I love your hair and..." I snapped my mouth shut. *Stupid, stupid.*

"And?" She moved closer. "Come on. Spill."

"Your legs," I said, looking away. shyly

"Ah, that makes me happy."

She moved closer and tugged the end of my braid until I moved forward. Then she kissed me, the taste of pale ale on her lips and tongue. "Am I being forward?"

"Yes," I said. "And I like it."

"Good to know."

When her hand traced the mangled pattern of my fishnets, I felt my pussy gush. This scene was turning out better than I'd ever thought possible. When I didn't protest, she pushed her hand up beneath my skirt, stroking the gusset of my panties with a single finger and managing to hit my clit every single time. I sighed against her lips.

"Hop up on the counter."

I didn't protest. I just went with it. Who knew gathering spilled oranges could turn out this way?

She hiked up my skirt and tugged down my stockings and panties. I watched her as if this had never happened before. It had, but not this way. Never this way.

She looked at me with dark brown eyes and then lowered her head to lap at me. Her mouth was a hot force of nature as she licked me over and over again. I raised my hips, my hands gripping the edge of the counter so hard it bit into my palm. Her fingers plunged inside me.

I clenched my internal muscles around her driving fingers and tried to breathe as her tongue kept up its gentle attack, keeping me off balance and utterly on edge.

I wanted to climax, but I didn't. I wanted the rush, but I didn't want this moment to end.

She looked up. "Come for me."

I was powerless to do anything but after her request. She went back to thrusting her fingers and lapping at my clit. I held on for only a few minutes and then I was coming—hard and fast, biting my lip to keep the sound at bay.

She stared at me and made a tsk-tsk sound. "Don't hold it in," she said. "Be as loud as your socks."

She pushed my sweater up and leaned in to nuzzle my bare breasts. She licked my nipples, biting and tugging them until I was panting. My cunt flexed around nothing. I was ready. I wanted to try it again. And when she touched me, she knew.

"SHE LICKED MY NIPPLES, BITING & TUGGING THEM UNTIL I WAS PANTING"

"You went from wet to soaked. I like that. That's good."

She sucked my clit and then traced my outer lips with her tongue, making me wait for more contact where I wanted it most. This time, she pushed three digits into me. She nudged my G-spot, curling her fingers against the tender walls of my pussy. Her breath was hot, and she made these desperate little happy sounds; they turned me on so much, each one sending a burst of pleasure spiraling through me.

My nipples stayed hard and tender as I watched her. I tugged one, and then pinched it hard. The bite of pain augmented my pleasure. She blew on my clit, and then went to kissing my hips and my thighs, her fingers moving inside me roughly.

When I thought I'd weep, she finally returned to my clit. She nipped it lightly with her teeth and then soothed it with her tongue, all the while thrusting her fingers deep in my cunt.

I lost it. My control shattered, and I tossed my head back as I came. I resisted the urge to stifle myself. Instead, I cried out as loud as my orgasm dictated. The sensations shook me and reverberated in my body and mind, making my pleasure climb higher than I ever thought possible.

I shuddered there on her counter as she dropped soothing kisses on my thighs and my mound. When she moved back, smoothing her hair, she said, "So, listen," she said, taking a swig of her beer. "Can I interest you in lunch?"

Turns out we had started with dessert.

—Ms. Meghan M., Via E-Mail



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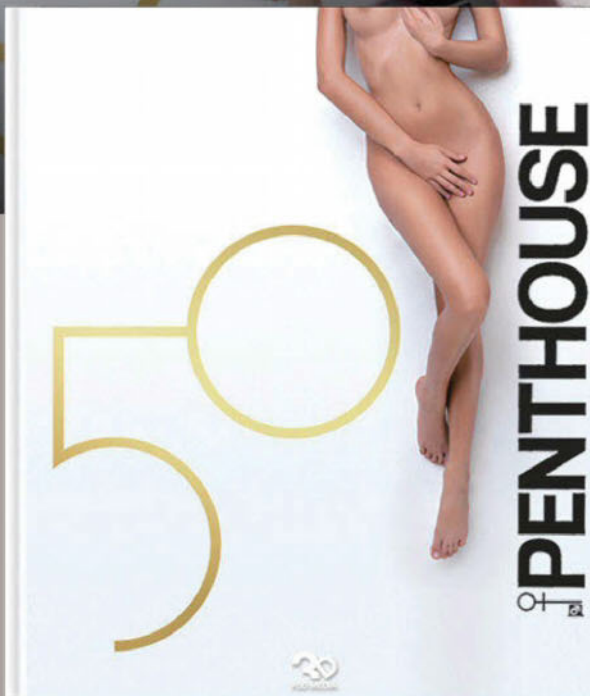
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